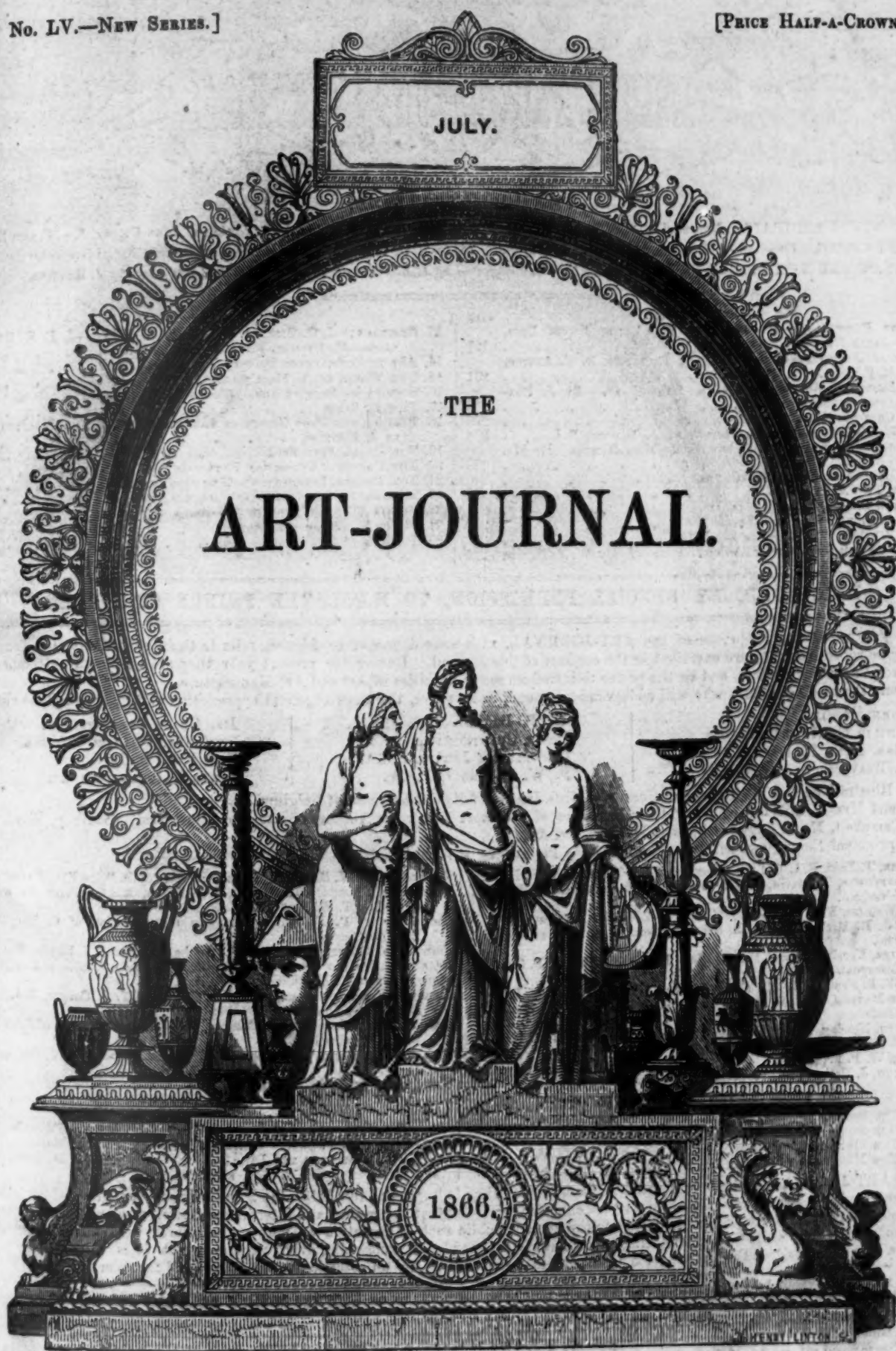


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[PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.



VIRTUE & CO., 26, IVY LANE, LONDON.

NEW YORK: VIRTUE, YORSTON & CO. PARIS: A. XAVIER. LEIPZIG: F. A. BROCKHAUS. ROTTERDAM: J. G. ROBBERS.

OFFICE OF THE ART-JOURNAL, 13, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, WHERE ALL COMMUNICATIONS FOR THE EDITOR SHOULD BE SENT.

VIRTUE AND CO., PRINTERS, CITY ROAD, LONDON.





### THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. THE WIFE'S PORTRAIT. Engraved by S. S. SMITH, from the Picture by A. ELMORE, R.A., in the Collection of JOHN DILLON, Esq., Craven Hill.
2. THE PARTING. Engraved by F. BACON, from the Picture by P. F. POOLE, R.A., in the Collection of CHARLES HARGITT, Esq., Liverpool.
3. PART OF THE EAST FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON. Engraved by A. R. FREEBAIRN, from the Restored Sculptures by J. HENNING.

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### DEDICATED, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION, TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Editor and the Proprietor of the ART-JOURNAL, with some degree of confidence, refer to their past efforts as evidence that they may be relied on for future exertions in the conduct of this Journal. During the present year they are enabled to calculate on the aid of several new contributors, and on the power to introduce many novelties in Art and Art-Manufacture.

Among the leading writers who will endeavour to extend, in its pages, the knowledge and appreciation of Art, are the following:—

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A BREAKFAST TABLE, T. Webster, R.A. In the collection of J. Graham, Esq., Large.  
THE POST BOY, F. Goodall, R.A.

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ETC. ETC.

The ART-JOURNAL is the only Journal in Europe that aims to represent the Arts—the Fine Arts and the Arts Industrial. It contains intelligence concerning every topic connected with Art that can inform and interest the Artist, the Amateur, the Student, the Manufacturer, and the Artisan, and conveys to the general public such information as may excite interest in Art, in all its manifold ramifications; the duty of its Conductors being to communicate knowledge concerning every topic on which it is valuable—to produce not only a beautiful work for the Drawing-room, but one that shall be equally an accession to the Studio and the Workshop.

We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address, but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

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Covers for the Volumes of the ART-JOURNAL can be had of any Bookseller at Three Shillings each.

All Orders for Advertisements should be sent to VIRTUE & Co., 294, City Road; or 26, Ivy Lane, City. Post Office Orders should be made payable to VIRTUE & Co., 294, City Road.

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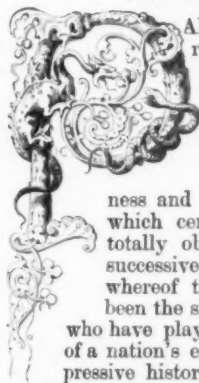
## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JULY 1, 1865.

## MODERN PAINTERS OF BELGIUM.

## No. VI.—BARON HENRI LEYS.



PAINTERS—and it would be well if they realised the fact more than they often appear to do, for it would assuredly stimulate to greater earnestness and striving after truth—have a glorious privilege accorded to them: to be, as it were, connecting links between the living and the dead; to bring back, in all their freshness and vitality, the histories and remembrances which centuries or years have either obscured or totally obliterated from memory; to bequeath to successive generations an enduring record of events whereof the chroniclers themselves have, perhaps, been the silent witnesses, and the lineaments of those who have played an important part in the great drama of a nation's existence. The artist is here the most impressive historian, whose pencil becomes a welcome and powerful auxiliary in perpetuating

"The very age and body of the time,  
Its form and features."

When such considerations as these animate him, is it a marvel that, under difficulties and discouragements, amid comparative penury and deprivation not unfrequently, he pursues the solitary occupation which is the ever-present dream of his life; and still pursues it, diligently and enthusiastically, with, perhaps, no other hope of reward than the fame of a hereafter he is possibly destined never to behold? Can we wonder that men thus live on the poetry, so to speak, of their art, and die rather than renounce its practice; or that they should say with Correggio, who, when advised to abandon his easel, because weighed down by poverty, and unable to sell his pictures, answered, "I was born a painter! how can I relinquish my chief joy?"

This is not a mere sentimental view of an artist's functions and feelings; it is doubtless what many entertain, and that which encourages them in working out their life's labours. The idea has been forced upon us in a great measure by the recollection of the productions of the painter whose name stands at the head of this chapter, for it is impossible to look at the majority of his pictures without a satisfying conviction that he is, through his pencil, a great teacher of history, and especially, too, of the history of his country. Moreover, one is inclined to ask in what age he lived: it might almost be supposed he preceded, or, at latest, was contemporaneous with, Rubens and Van Dyck and other great masters of the Flemish school, instead of following them at a distance of two centuries or longer. Baron Leys must surely have been present at the inauguration of the noble Hotel de Ville, in Antwerp, about the year 1564, which he is now engaged in decorating, and must have shouldered his halberd with his fellow-citizens when the whole country rose in insurrection against Alva and his Spanish myrmidons, to assert their independence. This is what might readily be imagined by any one standing before one of his great pictures referring to those periods. But the Baron is a man of our time, in the full vigour of his powers, and one, too, who not only by virtue of his talents, but by his personal appearance and courtly manners, reflects dignity on the title he holds among the nobility of the land.

HENRI JEAN AUGUSTE LEYS, born at Antwerp on the 18th of February, 1815, was originally intended for the Church, but an unconquerable love of Art constrained him to forego the studies intended to qualify him for ecclesiastical duties, and in 1830 he entered the atelier of his brother-in-law, M. Ferdinand de Brackeleer. So rapid was his progress under this master that in 1833 he exhibited a picture of very great merit for so young an artist, 'The Pillage of Antwerp by the Spaniards in 1576.' The stirring

history of his own country thus appears, even at this early stage of his career, to have engaged his attention, and it has ever since continued with him. In the following year he contributed to the exhibition at Antwerp 'A Fight between the Citizens of Ghent and a Party of Burgundians,' a composition of much vigour, and well coloured. To the triennial exhibition in Brussels, in 1836, he sent, with two other works of comparatively minor importance, 'The Massacre of the Magistrates of Louvain by the Populace in 1379.' In 1837 Leys exhibited at Antwerp a composition entitled 'Rich and Poor,' representing a wealthy family leaving church, at the door of which is a family of mendicants soliciting alms; an ordinary subject, but treated with great ability. The picture was purchased by Government. The same year he sent to the Exposition in Brussels 'Rembrandt's Studio;' it was bought by the Chevalier de Coninck, of Ghent.

After the exhibition, in 1839, of a picture, 'A Flemish Wedding,' M. Leys was nominated Chevalier of the Order of Leopold. His next important work, painted in 1842, was the 'Interior of an Inn Yard;' it is now in the Museum of Frankfurt. To the exhibition in Brussels, in 1845, he sent three pictures, 'Renewal of Public Worship in Antwerp Cathedral after the Disturbances of the Iconoclasts,' now in the Museum of Brussels, 'A Village Fête,' and 'An Armourer at his Forge.' These works, as we reported at the time, "are of the most extraordinary quality, and fully equal to anything of the same kind by the most renowned of the ancient masters; the painting of the armourer in the last-named picture is almost magical." In 1846 he sent to the Exposition in Paris 'A Flemish Fête,' the picture, if we remember rightly, just spoken of; the artist received for it a medal of the second class. In the following year he sent to the same gallery 'A Musical Party,' and was then decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. The painting was in the possession of the late Count de Morny, at the sale of whose celebrated collection last year it was purchased by some one who brought it to England; it is now in London, we are told, but know not who is its present owner.

Some time elapsed before Baron Leys again exhibited any work calling for special remark; and it seems not at all improbable that during this intervening period he was studying that archaic style of Art with which almost all his later works are identified, and to which some writers have given the absurd name of Pre-Rafaellite. The first of the pictures showing to some extent this new style was exhibited, with two or three others that retained much of his old manner, at Brussels, in 1851; the subject, 'The Fête given to Rubens by the Gunsmiths of Antwerp.' As we have never seen this picture, we can only quote the opinions of a foreign critic who saw it when exhibited. "There are," he wrote, "beauties of detail in it sufficient to make three fine reputations for any artist; an ensign-bearer and a young drummer in the foreground are treated with such skill, such *finesse*, and such charms of colour, that we know of nothing which can approach it. But we find the person of Rubens too much sacrificed, and the president of the gunsmiths fully absorbed by the richness of his costume, and not sufficiently interested in the honour paid him by his illustrious guest." In this year the artist was nominated Officer of the Order of Leopold.

The writer just referred to, speaking of M. Leys's contributions to the Brussels Exposition of 1854, says:—"Leys is not only this year the grand and illusory colourist we all know; he reveals himself as a thinker and a poet; his pictures are not, as some critics insinuate, with whom *French grey* is the perfection of Art—laborious copies of the mediæval age; they are surprising and powerful works, created by a deep knowledge of the epochs he would represent. With Leys one entirely lives in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, and these periods he would not have you understand by the materialism of Art, such as costumes, furniture, and architecture. This is the work of the laborious copyist, who thinks to revive an entire age by the reproduction of a trunk, a sideboard, or a velvet doublet. Leys goes much beyond this; he searches into the very depths of an epoch: he revives its moral and intellectual life, which he knows how to reflect in the physiognomy of his characters. His citizens do not resemble those of our own day, a feverish race devoured by envy and vanity, having but one thought, wealth, which may enable its possessor to reach some day the supreme blessedness of becoming a colonel of the civic guard and being decorated. No; there is in the faces of those personages whom Leys has summoned from the grave of ages passed away, something so calm, benign, vigorous, and honest, that it reveals to us the inner life of our ancestors better than do ten chapters of Barante, of Meyer, of Oudegherst, or any other of our chroniclers."

The pictures which called forth this eulogy were, first, 'La Promenade de Faust,' now in the royal collection at Brussels: a photograph of the work lies before us, but our space prevents any detailed description of a composition which tempts elaborate notice. It must suffice to speak of it as a work of rare merit, both as





regards the individualism of the various characters introduced and the manner in which they are placed on the canvas: looking at it only as an archaeological study of ancient costumes and architecture, it possesses intrinsic value. Another of the pictures hung at the same time was 'New Year's Day in Flanders,' a comparatively small painting; the subject, however, treated most attractively. Instead of those magical effects of light and shade usually seen in the pictures by this artist, everything here is under a subdued tone of colour, calm and cold, befitting the season. The principal figures in it are a poor woman receiving alms, and a servant conducting some young children who have been making large purchases of cakes, &c., which they carry home with great glee. This picture was purchased by M. Fould, the opulent banker of Paris, and was exhibited at the International Exposition in that city, in 1855, with 'La Promenade de Faust,' and another entitled 'Les Trentaines de Bartel de Haze.' For these works M. Leys received a Grand Medal of Honour, and was made Commander of the Order of Leopold.

But it is time to direct attention to those subjects which we have selected to illustrate the style and manner of this highly-

gifted artist; and the first is one that was, with several other remarkable pictures by the Baron, contributed to our International Exhibition in 1862—'LUTHER SINGING IN THE STREETS OF EISENACH.' Michelet, in his 'Life of Luther,' says,—"Sent to school at an early age, to the free school of Eisenach,"—according to the dates given Luther could not then have been more than six years old,—"he used to sing before people's houses to gain his daily bread, as was the wont, at that time and later, with many poor students in Germany." But M. Leys has not introduced him as a child; he is here a boy of fourteen or fifteen years old, and for this the artist has the authority of another biographer, Audin, who relates that after the young student had passed about a year in a school at Magdeburg, he returned, in 1498, to Eisenach: this would give him the age at which he is represented. History tells us that the great Reformer had from childhood a passionate love of music; that he possessed an excellent voice, and played skilfully on the guitar and the flute. And this love of the art sometimes showed itself in a very characteristic way. "Come," he would say to Melancthon, a less hopeful and energetic man than himself, when prospects looked desponding at



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

ERASMUS IN HIS STUDY.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.]

the commencement of the Reformation, "come, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm, and let earth and hell do their worst." And so, long before he had, as with the voice of a trumpet, hurled those anathemas against the heresies of the Romish Church which have ever since loosened her hold on the nations of the earth, we see him, with some companions, in M. Leys's picture, chanting the hymns which, in all probability, then formed a portion of the services of that Church. The scene shows the exterior of a cloistered building, through whose arched gateway a portion of a mansion is visible. The young choristers' voices have brought out what seems to be the family of the owner—a wealthy burgher, as it would appear—with some of his serving-men, all of whom listen with abstract attention to the melody. The group of the four leading figures is admirably placed on the canvas, while there is a truthfulness about the entire composition which irresistibly lands the spectator in the place and among the people he sees before him.

'ERASMUS IN HIS STUDY,' the second of our engraved illustrations, is a very simple composition. Though Erasmus had not

the boldness of Luther, and therefore adhered, at least externally, to the Romish Church to the end of his life, his great learning, his satire, and his wit, contributed in no small degree to the success of the Reformation; it has been said of him that he "was an able sapper, though he wanted energy to storm the breach with Luther and his associates." The artist has represented him apparently in the act of dictating to an amanuensis; the face of the distinguished Dutchman is that of a man of large intelligence, and closely resembles the best known portraits. The attitude of both figures is easy and perfectly natural, while the accessories of the picture come well together; the old-fashioned carved furniture of the apartment imparts a certain richness to the composition.

The title given by Baron Leys to the picture from which the third engraving is taken is 'THE CURFEW;' but the connection of the title with the subject is not very evident, except that the time of day represented is evening. The composition must be accepted as purely ideal: a lovers' tête-a-tête in the sixteenth century in the public promenade on the outskirts of an old



Flemish or German town. The style and treatment of the work belong to the class which the painter has made peculiarly his own.

We must pause here in our remarks upon the easel-pictures painted by Baron Leys to notice a series of important works on which, as was hinted in the beginning of this notice, for some time past he has been engaged. About four or five years since he received a commission from the Belgian Government and the corporation of Antwerp to decorate with fresco-paintings the great hall of the Hotel de Ville of that city. On our visiting the fine old edifice in the summer of last year we found the artist on an elevated scaffold busy at his labours. In studying how he might most effectively and appropriately execute his task, it was essential to remember that the building is the palace of the municipality, the chamber of the civic parliament; and, as such, the decorations of it ought to possess a special character: every picture, every ornament and emblem, should have some reference to the history of the civil institutions of the place, in order that the citizens when looking upon the edifice may be reminded of their rights, and also may be animated by the spirit of their ancestors. It was doubtless with this feeling that M. Leys commenced his work. The Hotel de Ville was erected between the years 1560

and 1564; it belongs, therefore, to the period when the Renaissance style was introduced into Flanders and took root there, that is, from 1514 to 1562, an interval of time which forms an eventful epoch in the annals, political, commercial, and artistic, of Antwerp. In some of the chapters of this history the artist found the subjects of the great pictures on which he is employed.

On the 12th of February, 1514, the Archduke Charles of Austria, afterwards better known in history as the Emperor Charles V., made his grand public entry into Antwerp, and in a chapel constructed for the occasion, near the convent of Ter Siecken, took the oath to maintain the laws, rights, and privileges of the citizens of Antwerp, his future subjects. This latter ceremony forms the first of the series, of which a large study in oils was exhibited at the French Gallery in Pall Mall, in 1863. On the top of a flight of steps, at the foot of which two heralds are seated, is the Archduke, a young man, behind whom stand his two sisters, Eleanor and Maria, afterwards the queens of France and Hungary respectively, with attendant ladies and officers. The oath is administered by an ecclesiastic of rank, in rich vestments, whose mitre is borne on a cushion by a priest. This figure stands on a lower step. The picture is carefully finished, and is brilliant in colour.



*Drawn by W. J. Allen.*

LUTHER SINGING IN THE STREETS OF EISENACH.

*[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.]*

The second subject, not yet carried out, which M. Leys proposes to introduce, will represent the ceremony of admission to citizenship; or, as we term it in England, conferring the freedom of the city. The individual selected for the honour is Battista Palavicini, a wealthy "merchant prince" of the republic of Genoa, who was made a burgher of Antwerp, in 1541, by Guillaume Van de Werve, a noble Fleming, in the presence of the burgomasters and other leading men of Antwerp. The third subject many of our readers, in all probability, saw in the French Gallery last year, 'Lancelot Van Ursel, Burgomaster of Antwerp, addressing the Armed Guilds on the Grand Place,' on the occasion of the city being threatened with an attack by Martin Van Rossem, in 1542. The incident, so far as regards the privilege of the citizens, is intended to show the right of the chief magistrates to call out the civic guard when they deemed it necessary. On this occasion the sheriff, Van Spanghen, was authorised by Charles V. to take command of the force; and by so doing he saved the city from the horrors of an assault. The fourth subject—which, with the fifth and sixth, the artist has only traced out—will exhibit the Duchess of Parma presenting, in a time of

disturbance, the keys of the city to the chief magistrate, symbolical of his right to hold the position of head of the police. "After the first troubles caused by the Reformation," says the Flemish civic historian, Secretary de Moy, "the Duchess of Parma came to Antwerp, and the keys of the city were presented to her by the magistrate. Her Highness returned them to him, when they were placed for safe custody in the Hotel de Ville, by the sheriff, M. de Pape." In the fifth picture M. Leys proposes to recognise, in a composition bearing the Flemish title of 'Le Landjuweel de 1561,' the protection given to the Arts and literature by the principal functionaries of the city. From the sixteenth century Antwerp has taken the place of Bruges as the principal seat of Flemish Art. Side by side with the "Guild of Painters or of St. Luke," as the Antwerp school was called in its early days, were placed schools or chambers of rhetoric. In 1561 the burgomaster, Antoine Van Straelen, and the sheriff, Melchior Schets, presided—in their official capacities we must presume—over the first in rank of these chambers, that called "La Violette." These enlightened patrons of Art and literature resolved to convoke at Antwerp a grand festival of the artists and men of literature and

science, natives of the Low Countries. The history of the period relates that the project was eminently successful, the fêtes continuing several successive weeks without interruption. The particular scene to be painted in the hall of the Hotel de Ville is that which will show Van Straelen and his colleague presenting prizes, vases of silver, to those who had distinguished themselves in the Parnassian games. The sixth and last subject will have reference to the commerce and industrial arts of Antwerp, symbolised in 'The Opening of the Great Fair of 1562.' The city of Antwerp held annually two fairs, which, like the International Exhibitions of modern times, were opened with much pomp and ceremony, foreign governments not unfrequently sending representatives to take part in the proceedings. M. Leys's picture will, therefore, exhibit a grand civic pageant, in which the principal officials and magistrates, accompanied by their distinguished visitors—in 1562 Sir Thomas Gresham represented our Queen Elizabeth—and heralded by the musicians of the city, proceed in state to the performance of their duty.

To complete the decoration of the hall, and as appropriate adjuncts to this series of frescoes, the artist proposes to introduce, in suitable places, portraits of the early sovereigns of the country,—from Godfrey de Bouillon, 1096, to Philippe le Beau, 1491,—to whom the city has been indebted for many of its most valuable privileges. Extracts from the terms of these acts or grants, sufficient to explain their meaning, will also be inscribed on the walls, accompanied by the armorial bearings of the various guilds, and other emblazonments.

We have entered somewhat minutely on this important undertaking, because it may be looked upon as a national work, and, even more than this, because it will, in all probability, be that whereon the fame of the artist as an historical painter will principally rest. In those subjects which are so far completed as to enable the critic to form a judgment of the whole, Baron Leys has marked out

a path for himself which may be said to run midway between the dry manner of Van Eyck and the luxuriance of Rubens. Less formal in design than the old painter of Bruges, and less florid than the "glory of Antwerp," as Rubens has been called, he appears to combine the excellencies of each; the rich colouring of the latter, and the severe truthfulness of the former. Every figure in the pictures seems a living character, an absolute personation standing before the spectator, and taking his part in the drama on the canvas. He appropriates to himself the traditions of ancient Flemish Art, but he tempers these, so to speak, with the knowledge which modern Art has taught its most distinguished disciples; his devotion to the past does not lead him into those extravagances or eccentricities which characterise the works of some of our own school, whose eyes are ever looking

backward to a period of comparative artistic darkness. Exception has been taken by some critics to the archæologic manner in which these pictures are presented; we cannot sympathise with such a view of them. It must be borne in mind that they are mural paintings, intended to decorate the walls of an edifice built three centuries ago, and the subjects of the pictures have reference, in a greater or less degree, to the building itself. To have imbued the pictures, therefore, with the spirit of modern Art instead of the Art of the period with which they are associated, would have destroyed all harmony. Now we can look upon them and feel there is little or no interval of time between the external art of the builder and the internal art of the painter, three hundred years later. This is as it should be.

The genius of Baron Leys, however, is of so diversified a character that he can mould it into any form, and adapt it to any purpose—to the humorous or the pathetic, to the grandeur of history or the incidents of ordinary social life; and his pencil portrays, with equal truth, vigour, and delicacy, the art of an age long passed away, and that of his own time. We remember seeing in the sale-rooms of Messrs. Christie and Co., two or three years back, a pair of cabinet-size paintings by M. Leys as far removed from the archæological style by which he is now distinguished as it is possible for a work of Art to be; and it was this peculiarity almost as much as the intrinsic merits of the pictures as regards composition, colour, and manipulation, which riveted our attention to them.

Baron Leys contributed several works besides his 'Young Luther' to our International Exhibition of 1862. 'The Institution of the Golden Fleece in 1420,' 'Margaret of Austria receiving the Oaths of the Archers of Antwerp,' 'The Promulgation of the Edict of Charles V., in 1550, introducing the Inquisition into the Netherlands,' and his copies of frescoes painted by himself in his own dining-room at Antwerp, representing

respectively 'Guests going to a Feast,' 'The Reception,' and 'Preparations for the Festival,' were among the great attractions of the Belgian display. Finished sketches in oil of these last-mentioned subjects, somewhat varied, however, are now exhibited at the French Gallery in Pall Mall. At the same gallery, in the year 1864, the artist exhibited 'Going to Church on New Year's Day in the Sixteenth Century—Antwerp,' a highly interesting picture, and also two portraits, those of Philip the Fair, 1491, and of Antoine de Bourgogne, Duke of Brabant, 1411. These portraits form a part of the series intended for the decoration of the Hotel de Ville, Antwerp.

The title of Baron was conferred on M. Leys in 1862: he has long been enrolled among the members of the Academy of Antwerp.

JAMES DAFFORNE.



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

THE CURFEW.

Engraved by J. D. Cooper.



## ETRUSCAN ARCHITECTURE IN ROME.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S.

MOST people must have felt on first visiting Rome that the modern and mediæval adaptations and constructions have so masked and destroyed the real old Rome of the kings, the republic, and even of the empire, that there is little hope of recognising the ancient people by any remnants of their works sufficiently perfect to be instructive.

When, indeed, it is remembered that the level of the pavement during the Augustan period was in many cases fifteen or twenty feet below the surface as we now see it, the hopelessness of obtaining a clue to the style of construction in the early days, seven or eight hundred years before, must be evident. It is certain that the Rome of the Cæsars was just as much built out of, and upon, the materials accumulated during the republic, as that the Popes and their architects have regarded all the great classical buildings of the Imperial time as quarries of stone, material conveniently cut and ready for immediate use, to put together churches of all kinds. When we consider that Michael Angelo converted the great hall of the *Thermæ of Diocletian* into a chapel for a convent, all lesser men may be excused for the destruction of the great monuments of Rome from his time till now. There was, however, but little left even in the days of Michael Angelo.

But the monuments of the kingly period of Rome were, after all, not so easily destroyed as many of those that were erected within the first three or four centuries after the commencement of the Christian era. They occupy the same place as the larger and more striking works of the same nature in Greece attributed to the demigods. They are Cyclopean, and were built, if not for eternity, at least for endurance, such as that dreamed of by the Egyptians when they constructed the Pyramids. There was real Cyclopean work, though of a late period, in the early days of Rome, and good evidence of the truth of this statement exists at various points. I cannot but think that these fragments are among the most interesting, if not the most beautiful, of the antiquities to be found in this part of Italy.

To understand the position and condition of these early works, the reader should bear in mind the history of Rome so far as the main walls and ancient substructures teach it. There can hardly be a doubt, however, that the history is better indicated by the physical and geological peculiarities of the place than by any written documents. The early histories confirm the conclusions based on the consideration of the natural features of the country, and are perhaps less fabulous than has sometimes been thought. The account of the physical phenomena may be given in a few words.

The Rome of the Cæsars is known to have been built on a certain number (seven) of a group of low flat-topped hills occupying a part of the Campagna, a comparatively flat space, that extends from the foot of the sub-Apennine hills to the sea. Originally the intervals between the hills were occupied by marshes. The material of the hills is for the most part a sandy and marly clay, generally of loose and open texture, and easily worn away by rain, as is evident from the colour of the Tiber. On the soft and easily removed clay are bands of volcanic tufa, and perhaps some lava, the result of volcanic action that took place at a very ancient date among the Albano hills, and

especially from the beautiful lakes at and near Albano, which are indeed nothing more than ancient craters. Certainly one of the latest lava currents from Albano extended to within a couple of miles of the spot afterwards enclosed by the walls of imperial Rome.\* The clay served to manufacture the bricks, which, however, were not made use of until the time of Scylla. Before that the solid tufa was cut into blocks, wedge-shaped and small, and placed diagonally so as to present a reticulated surface. This style was afterwards copied in bricks, but it originated at a very early date. Long before this, however, it had been the custom to cut the tufa into blocks, very carefully squared, and these were often of large size, and used in the construction of the most solid and massive walls.

The tufaceous deposit exists generally on the tops of the hills on which Rome was built. Originally two hills, the Capitoline and the Palatine, were selected as the site of two settlements, and these united formed the nucleus of the city which was afterwards to become the mistress of the world. These hills could never have been of any great elevation, and are now probably much reduced in height, owing partly to the paring away of the surface, and partly to the accumulation of material in the intervening valleys. But they offered the advantage of being moderate in size, flat topped, and with their sides easily scarped, and they were, therefore, rendered defensible without much labour. Towards the north and west the Capitoline hill seems to have consisted of a thick bed of compact and indurated tufa, which was hard enough to stand when vertically cut without being injured by weather. The Tarpeian rock still presents at least forty feet of this vertical face in several places, and among the rest in that part which was not originally included in the walls, and from which criminals were hurled. The Palatine hill immediately opposite has only thin beds of the hard material alternating with soft sandy clays, some of them made up of volcanic ash. Both, however, were easily cut, and thus the flat-topped hills combined convenient ground for building, a good look-out, and a defensible position. Such qualities and the existence of water in available springs, marshes around, and a river on one side, must have been amply sufficient to determine the site of a town. All the other oldest towns in Italy were similarly placed, so far as the circumstances would allow. Fiesole, Perugia, Volterra, and a score of other well-known towns will at once suggest themselves to the recollection of the traveller in these countries. But few—indeed none—of the other sites possessed the advantage of a group of several flat-topped hills close together, high enough for defence, and not so high as to be difficult of access.

Thus, then, the first germ of Rome—Etruscan Rome, as we may call it—consisted of two hill-forts on the Capitoline and Palatine hills. The two would defend each other. The Tiber was a defence towards the west. A great level space, now under cultivation, but in the days of the emperors the site of the *Circus Maximus*, was originally a marsh between the Palatine and the Aventine hills. Besides these defences a fosse, or artificial ditch, was cut between the Palatine and the Celian hills, while the low ground to the north-east of the two

hills was occupied by another marsh, and was no doubt almost impassable, owing to the water then on the surface, and afterwards conducted through the *Cloaca Maxima*.

The means taken to protect from weather the vertical face of the newly scarped rock, which consisted in some places of soft clay, and nowhere of very enduring material, are not likely to be known. The intelligent archaeologist, Mr. J. H. Parker, who has been occupying himself in preparing an illustrated history of the walls of Rome, and who has carefully studied all the antiquities of the city, believes that the rock was originally protected by boards. It may have been so, but these were certainly soon followed by walls of very sound construction, such as had been used in times long anterior, both in Greece and Italy, and are well known under the name "Cyclopean." All the remains of such walls as we are acquainted with around Rome, are of that finished execution referred to the third and later period. Of these there are several examples. Each of the hills, indeed, exhibits them, but they are more especially abundant and interesting in the part round and near the Capitoline and Palatine hills, these being beyond doubt the most ancient parts of the city.

But it is certain that walls could not well be constructed without gates, and of these we may expect that there should also be indications to some extent. Nor is this expectation ill founded. One at least of such gates was close to, and immediately beyond, the much later arch of Titus. It stands at right angles to this arch, and on entering the gate the scarped face of the north-eastern side of the Palatine hill must have been exactly facing the opening, and at a distance of not more than thirty yards. The scarped hill and its defending wall are now faced by the buildings of the Palace of the Cæsars, constructed within the first few centuries of the Christian era, and the evidence of the existence of more ancient works is completely masked by modern ruins, which seem to have belonged to vaulted chambers built in several stories to the top of the cliff. The ruins of the gate are now close to the talus of rubbish that lies at the foot of the cliff, so that the gate seems placed in an impossible position, and its meaning, or even existence, might easily escape notice. Through this gate, however, there cannot be a doubt the principal road formerly entered the Rome of the kings, and turning at an angle to the north-west sloped up towards the centre of the hill-top where the town was built. It is a moot question among the archaeologists of Rome whether this slope is partly natural or altogether artificial. From the structure of the hill it is not at all impossible that a slope might have existed naturally, but on the other hand, it would be very easy to construct. Perhaps as it was the selected point before much work was done, it is more likely to be natural.

The remains of this gate are very interesting. They consist of parts of the four corner piers,—the gate having apparently been a *quadriple*. The piers are each formed of several blocks of hard tufa admirably squared, and of unusually large size. They are placed so as not to leave space for a knife between them, and are of course without mortar. Those two that are nearest the cliff are the most perfect. The lowest stones visible are as much as eight or nine feet in length, four feet in width, and three feet in height, measuring therefore about 100 cubic feet, weighing as much as seven tons. Two such stones, and

\* The legendary accounts of the origin of Rome point to something of the nature of volcanic eruptions, which perhaps may have continued to a date subsequent to the first human inhabitants of Italy.

one smaller stone, formed a course. Over them was a second similar course, placed at right angles, the ends facing towards the interior of the arch. The largest stones do not seem to have been lifted above the second course, but it is possible, though not very likely, there may have been a course below that now seen. Above the large stones one remains about seven feet long, and of the usual width and depth. The whole has been masked and filled up by rough walls of rubble and mortar, of the time of the emperors; and, no doubt, the upper stones of the gate have been removed to serve some other purpose when the gate was no longer needed, though the lower and larger stones were too large and cumbersome to be worth disturbing. Besides these piers of the old gate there are other similar specimens of construction to be seen round the Palatine hill, laid bare by the recent explorations conducted on the part of the Pope and the Emperor of the French. The latter has purchased the northern division of the hill and has discovered much that is important in the building of the Augustan period. The works have been illustrated by written descriptions and plans, but of course those of the kingly period can only be fragmentary and inferential. Among the discoveries, however, beneath and among the Palace of the Cæsars, is a small water-chamber or reservoir, constructed in the tufa, fed by drain pipes, and communicating with the ground above by holes. These are lined with plaster, and were certainly used and put into good condition by the later Romans, but the work is on so small a scale, and appears to have been so connected with the old wall of the kingly period, which is here very complete, that they may perhaps be of early construction, and were probably meant to supply water to the early inhabitants of the Palatine hill.

Perhaps the most interesting of the examples of Etruscan Cyclopean work that has been found in Rome is to be seen in the excavations made since 1853, under the ancient church of St. Clemente, by the Irish Dominicans. Beneath this church were found the remains of a Basilica\* used by the very early Christians, and forming part of a large house. Far below this are the old walls. They are traced at intervals for as much as 90 yards at the foot of the Cælian hill, and certainly formed part of the wall of Servius Tullius. Some of the blocks of tufa are as much as 14 feet in length, but of the same width and thickness as in the gate already described. Above are remains of a travertine wall of the time of the republic.

Another admirable specimen of Etruscan and Cyclopean work, certainly of very early date (at least 500 years before the Christian era), is to be found on the left bank of the Tiber, at, and near the mouth of the Cloaca Maxima. The Cloaca Maxima itself, as an open drain conducting the stream that entered the Tiber, or rather draining the marsh, between the Palatine and Capitoline hills, must be a very ancient work. The closed drain generally shown is well known to be of the time of the empire, and, therefore, comparatively modern. The most interesting portion remaining is that by which the water enters the river through an oblong opening left in the Cyclopean wall, now known as the *pulchrum litus*, a well-constructed quay of

very early date, probably extending only a short distance, and serving as much for defensive as for commercial purposes. The construction of this wall is peculiar. First seen at the small opening where the mud is now probably some feet above the original bed of the Tiber, there is a range of stones of hard tufa perfectly squared, united without cement, but so closely that the intervals between them are even now hardly discernible. These are placed end-ways, and present a face or section about three feet square. Over them are stones placed length-ways, at least nine feet long and three feet high. Over these again is a third course, placed with their ends towards the water, and again a fourth like the second. The stones are always bonded or arranged like bricks in a building, and so well is the work done that there is no instance visible of cracking or bulging from irregular pressure, although the wall is built against a sand bank close to the water, and was erected at least 2,400 years ago. I think it may safely be asserted that no fragment of antiquity in Rome, and few in the world exposed to a similar extent, exhibit so little mark of wear and weathering as these remains of the *pulchrum litus*. Besides those already alluded to, the careful observer may find round the various hills numerous small fragments of the old wall that exhibit Cyclopean masonry, but none are so continuous or instructive.

And it must be remembered that the climate of Rome, though warm in summer and autumn, and sometimes very pleasant in spring, is by no means without that variation of temperature that is most injurious to masonry. It is at no time an easy task to support a vertical wall of loose sandy clay, but where frost and cold occur every year, often for several weeks together, and where heavy rains at certain seasons are the rule, not the exception, the difficulty is much increased. Few winters pass in Rome without severe weather, and no autumns without rain. In spite of all this the wall in question stands now as well as when first built, and may last for another thousand years if not injured by the hand of man.

Another good specimen of Cyclopean work is to be seen in the lower cells of the Mamertine prison, but as this place is sheltered it is less extraordinary that the work should have resisted destruction. It is also less gigantic than the other specimens described.

It is not necessary to describe the position or condition of the many other pieces of stone-work of the kingly period still to be found in Rome. They chiefly exist round the principal hills, and on a lower level than is generally accessible without deep excavations, but they are much more numerous than has been thought. Carrying us back to the earliest civilisation of Italy, they connect the Etruscan with the Latin history, and even supply a link that almost introduces us to the heroic period. They prove that even before the earliest records, and in the fabulous and mythical times, there already existed men who had been taught to make use of tools to cut, and of mechanical powers to lift, very large blocks of stone. These blocks of stone they needed not so much for their habitations, of which we know little or nothing, as to fortify their towns, which must have contained wealth to render such defences necessary. We know, however, from the beautiful ornaments handed down to us in the tombs, and from the sculptures which have been found, that these people had

attained marvellous ingenuity in working all the principal metals, for there are certainly few things more beautiful or better worked than the golden bracelets, armlets, and rings, and various objects in bronze familiar in the Etruscan museums. They must also have had enemies nearly as powerful and probably as ingenious as themselves. Every point that can be made out concerning these pre-historic peoples is interesting; and, therefore, I make no apology for occupying your readers with a few results of observation made during a recent visit to Rome.

#### THE NATIONAL ALBERT MEMORIAL, HYDE PARK.

WE propose within the compass of the following article to give a precise account of the history, the present state, and the projected mode of completion of the National Monument to the memory of the Prince Consort. The general design may be indicated in few words. Mr. Gilbert Scott states that the keynote to the whole composition is the statue of the Prince; to this is added an overshadowing and protecting shrine or canopy, made precious by utmost Art-enrichments. The structural form and architectural effect of the design may be indicated by such works as the Eleanor crosses, Sir Walter Scott's monument, Edinburgh, the *balдахino* beneath the dome of St. Peter's, and the tombs of the Scaligers, Verona. The Prince, a seated bronze statue of colossal size, is placed on a platform thirty feet above the ground, "beneath a vast and magnificent shrine or tabernacle, and surrounded by works of sculpture illustrating those arts and sciences which he fostered, and the great undertakings which he originated." The platform whereon the statue rests—a level which the actual masonry has now reached—rises from the truncated top of a four-sided pyramid of wide-spreading steps. Both above and below this area, which, in honour of the statue, becomes the centre or focus of composition, each architectural member receives its appropriate enrichment. The *podium*, or continuous pedestal, immediately beneath the statue, will be decorated by frieze-like compositions, or historic series of the most renowned artists of all ages of the world, composed after the manner of Delaroche's 'Hemicycle.' On the four corners of the *podium* will be placed groups in honour of commerce, agriculture, manufactures, and engineering, the arts of peace which the Prince through international exhibitions and other public acts strove to promote. The outer *termini* of the basement steps are flanked by four other sculpture compositions, emblematic of the four quarters of the globe, which on this very spot were, in the year 1831, assembled. So much for the structure which sustains the statue of the Prince. A few words must be added to complete the general idea of the canopy above. This shrine is sustained at the four angles by clustered granite columns, from which spring the arches that support the vaulted roof, and the four gables or *tympana* richly decorated with enamel mosaics. Above rises the lofty spire and its tabernacle work, terminating in a cross at the height of 170 feet. The enrichments of this highly-wrought shrine, tabernacle, or canopy will consist of statues, mosaics, metal-work, plain and enamelled, and inlays of rich polished stones, such as

\* The original basilica (king's hall) was unquestionably the largest and most open room of a mansion or palace.  
\* The first Christian assemblies for worship were held in the halls of the houses of some convert, and the name "basilica" thus designates the first churches.



crystals, cornelians, granite, and porphyry. Thus will be obtained preciousness of material, richness of polychromy, and the combined splendour and completeness which result from the associated arts.

The monument was commenced less than two years ago, and in some three years hence the public may hope to look upon the most gorgeous memorial throughout Europe in a perfected state. The estimated cost was £110,000; of this amount nearly £60,000 were provided by public subscriptions, and the House of Commons voted the remaining £50,000. We are glad to hear on reliable authority that the original estimate will not be exceeded. At present a visit to the site of the rising monument discovers little more than its structural base. Yet this brickwork skeleton, which will shortly be clothed with marble and with statuary, is in itself an interesting and instructive study. While walking beneath the massive arches that are to sustain the thrust of many tons superincumbent weight, we recalled the crypts of old cathedrals and even the chambers of the Egyptian pyramids. It has been supposed that we have lost the appliances which ancient peoples employed in the building of the temples of Egypt, the palaces of Assyria, and the tomb of Mausolus. But though we may scarcely know the precise means by which the nations of old moved ponderous masses, yet our own public works, and this Albert Memorial conspicuously among the number, testify to mechanical powers greater than any before brought to bear. It is little to say that Mr. Kelk, the contractor, is not one whit behind the master-builder of Pharaoh.

Interesting comparisons may also be made between the materials at the disposal of builders in ancient and modern times. For example, Egypt contained few quarries, and those yielded for temples, palaces, and obelisks, little but sandstone and granite. For contrast, let any one walk within the boarding which encircles the site of the Memorial, and count the materials which world-wide commerce brings to the English shores. On this spot may be seen Irish granite, Ross of Mull granite, Correnie granite, of a beautiful pink colour, from Captain Gordon's estate in the Highlands, Italian marbles, specially that species of Carrara known as Sicilian. To these will be added, as the work advances, materials which, by their preciousness, may be counted as loving offerings of sacrifice—marbles, stones, enamels, and mosaics which also serve to give the decorated structure richness and variety of colour. The design, in fact, will be an elaborated arrangement of polychromy, a consummation which can be attained at the present moment more readily than at any other period in Art-history, save perhaps the most favoured years of the middle ages. It is also worthy of remark that this chromatic effect, little less than pictorial in its accumulative harmonies, will be obtained without prejudice to architectural propriety or constructional integrity. The materials used will be honest, they will not pretend to be other than they are. It is true that the practice of incrustation, for which, as seen in St. Mark's, Mr. Ruskin made needless apology, will be boldly adopted. The present brick substructure, for example, is to be wholly hid from the eye by superimposed marble. This treatment convenience and economy suggest and justify. With some such minor exception, then, for which precedents are not wanting, decoration will grow out of construction. Truth cannot be much endangered when no de-

ception is meant. Compo, paint, *gesso*, and other base abominations will find in the Memorial no place. The pictorial and chromatic enrichments on vaults, roofs, and *tympana* are to be executed by costly and substantial methods, such as mosaics, enamels, and other inlays. This is consonant with the practice which obtains at the present moment the approval of the architectural profession.

It remains for us to speak of the decorative or accessory arts of sculpture, mosaic, and metal-work designed to enrich the architectural structure. The large groups emblematic of the four quarters of the globe have been entrusted to Mr. Foley, Mr. MacDowell, Mr. Theed, and Mr. J. Bell. The four important compositions commemorative of the arts of peace which stand above the angles of the *podium*, are in the hands of Mr. C. Marshall, Mr. Weekes, Mr. Thornycroft, and Mr. Lawlor. The bronze statue of the Prince will be executed by Baron Marochetti. These several works are in course of modelling. The difficult task of recounting the history of Art in a series of four friezes extending along the *podium*, is at this moment engaging the best energies of Mr. Armstead and Mr. J. B. Philip. To the care of the latter have been committed the architects and sculptors of all times and countries; to the former are confided the painters and the poets, with whom are fittingly joined the musicians. Analogous panoramic surveys of Art-history, though perhaps scarcely of a range so wide or of a scale so imposing, have been executed on the continent of Europe. Cornelius in a series of frescoes in Munich, Overbeck in a well-known picture in the Stadel Institut, Frankfurt, and especially Delaroche in the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, have in like manner reduced the divers schools of Art into pictorial sequence and unity. To the difficulties which Cornelius, Overbeck, and Delaroche have encountered, are super-added, for Messrs. Philip and Armstead, the proverbial perplexities attending the treatment, of *basso* and *alto relievi*. These embarrassments are so great, that the number of absolutely satisfactory reliefs, ancient or modern, may be reckoned on the fingers of a single hand. It is scarcely to be hoped then that the *alto-relievi* of the Albert Memorial will prove unassailable to criticism. We can, however, say that the clay models promise well. It is to be hoped that concentration, balance, and breadth, qualities which, though essential to, are but seldom found in, monumental works, will give perspicuity and force to these compositions when they shall take their place in the architectural structure. To save time, blocks of Sicilian marble are already built into the *podium*, and sheds, or to speak with more propriety, wooden studios, have been erected in order that the figure friezes, when modelled and cast, may with least delay be carved on the rough quarried marble.

The metal-work and the enamels which will decorate the crowning members of the canopy, giving to the sky outline, variety, and lightness, are engaging the thoughtful care of Messrs. Skidmore. The designs have been determined, but there still remain details for decision before the original conception can receive worthy elaboration. The technical manufacture of the enamels, too, a revived art which is still in tentative state, may also involve difficulties that will call for deliberation and caution. The mosaic compositions which Dr. Salviati is commissioned to place in the pediments may also, with advantage, claim serious study.

These enamel-wrought pictures will go so far to make or mar the entire Memorial that too much thought cannot be given either to the subjects or the Art treatment. Analogous designs, executed in fresco by Kaulbach, and placarded on a Munich museum, should be a warning to patrons as well as painters. Of the merits of Salviati's Venetian mosaics, the Wolsey Chapel, Windsor, and the new courts of the Kensington Museum, are sufficient testimony. That these mosaics are absolutely indestructible it is useless to contend in the face of the crumbling away of like Italian works from the *façade* of St. Mark's, Venice, and of the Cathedral at Orvieto. It is manifest that a mosaic will not remain in its place longer than the cement can hold it. It cannot, however, be doubted that in Salviati's manufacture we have a brilliant material, well suited to architectural uses.

In conclusion, we give to the Albert Memorial utmost praise in saying that it is worthy of its object. In the words of Mr. Disraeli, it resembles the character of the Prince Consort in the beauty and the harmony of its proportion; it is the type of a sublime life, the testimony of a grateful people.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

## HOW CROZIER'S WERE CARRIED;

OR,

THE CITY OF WINCHESTER v. GEORGE GILBERT SCOTT, R.A.\*

WELL-INFORMED and warm-hearted "Joe" and "Tom" Warton, Wykehamists, of Winchester, assert, both in speech and in print, that our living oracle of an architect in Gothic Art has made "a Winchester goose" of himself in his recent restoration of the City Cross of their cathedral city. The columns of the *Hampshire Chronicle* have been filled of late with "cross readings"—rather cross sayings, left-handed blows, and right-handed hits of the true controversial character of quarrels among antiquaries and architects.

The well-known talents of Mr. George Gilbert Scott were recently called into request (not without some local opposition), for the restoration of Winchester Cross. Mr. Scott went to work at once with his customary activity and skill, received moneys on account, finished his work right off, and asked for the balance due to him on his account. The committee who gave Mr. Scott his commission, found a serious fault with his work—no less a fault, indeed, than this:—that his R.A.-ship had either ignorantly or perversely, or both, placed the Crozier, or pastoral staff, of the great architect, school and college founding bishop, in the wrong hand. Great authorities were appealed to, and some went so far as to call Mr. Scott a sorry kind of "Bull and Mouth" coachman, in placing the crozier, or whip, as they called it, in the right hand instead of the left.

A well-known rule of the road was quoted against our architect, as "a case in point":—

"The rule of the road is a paradox quite,  
If you go to the left you are sure to go right,  
If you go to the right you are sure to go wrong;  
For the left is the right, and the right is the wrong."

The "Jehus" of Hampshire insist that William of Wykeham held his noble crozier

\* Did William of Wykeham carry the Crozier in his right hand—if not, is it correct to represent him so? The Restoration of Winchester City Cross, By Mr. G. G. Scott, Architect. 12mo. Second Edition. Winchester: Jacobs and Johnson. London: J. B. Smith.

(still preserved in his college at Oxford) in his left hand. Dexter and sinister remarks have been directed against the professor of architecture in the Royal Academy, and some have been heard to regret that poor Pugin was not alive, to parallel and pilory the erring and still-persisting-in-error architect.

It is urged in the controversy, that soldiers did not carry their swords in their left hands, and their bucklers in their right hands; that it is rare to see a gentleman, or even a bishop at dinner, with his knife in his left hand, and his fork in his right, though there are exceptional precedents for so great a rarity. Ben Jonson, in his monument in Westminster Abbey, has been made to wear the buttons of his coat on the wrong side. Who approves of left-handed marriages? Our great sculptor, Sir Francis Chantrey, was blind of the right eye (though no defect was apparent), and an excellent shot; so his "Joe Manton" was made for the left shoulder. When called upon to design a Nelson monument, with a Nelson statue, Mr. Scott (some have said) would be insane to insist on violating truth, by restoring Nelson's right arm, and removing or omitting his left.

Right or wrong, Mr. Scott put up his bishop, with his right-handed held crozier, and asked "Twenty-five pounds" for his perishable statue—a modest enough sum as statues go now-a-days, whether good or bad, with or without a cocked hat, with or without stirrups.

The men of Winchester have declined to pay, and Mr. Scott is driven, not to law, but to his authorities. "I have written my book," said a well-known Irish dramatist, whose plays will live; "Yes, my dear friend, I have finished my book against the pope, and now I am going to the British Museum to consult my authorities." Mr. Scott's case is somewhat parallel; he has flown to monuments, to prints, to books, to Dr. Rock and Mr. Albert Way, when too late. He had set up his statue, and was committed. Mr. Scott should in this case have imitated "the cautious but ignorant Scot," who, when told that he was eating the wrong end of his asparagus, would not submit to correction: "I ken I'm wrang," said Sandy, "but—I prefer it." So Sandy continued to punish himself, rather than admit he was wrong.

A story brief and somewhat to the point may enliven this crozier discussion. We were at the British Institution at one of its pleasing and useful exhibitions of ancient and recently deceased artists. A full length was there, by Sir William Beechey, of the late Lieutenant General Sir William Herries, when a boy. "There's our good chairman," exclaimed one friend to another, "and must have been like him." The friend, who was an Irishman, replied with—"But where's the cork leg?" The gay-hearted Pat from Phoenix Park, had forgotten for a moment that the Lieutenant General had lost his flesh and blood leg in action, and consequently was not born with or seen by Beechey with a cork one.

Mr. Scott is architect (not by favour or accident, but by merit) to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. And in the Abbey of Westminster, he might have remembered, as he must have seen, the monumental matrimonial difference between the right-hand side and the left-hand side, preserved on the King James the First altar-recumbent-figured marble monument to Cecil Earl of Exeter, son of the great

Lord High Treasurer Burghley. The sculptor (of course by order) has left full room (of the same measurement) on the left-hand of the Earl for his second Countess. But Frances Brydges, Countess of Exeter, would not play second fiddle after death to her predecessor at Burghley House, and her marble place on the altar-tomb, in spite of the inscription, is still "a lodging to let."

"The real end of sculpture," says Flaxman, "is to represent such of our fellow men as have been benefactors to society, in the full vigour of their faculties when living." Mr. Scott, this opponents say, has not so represented our great episcopal architect; he has represented the real William Perot of Wykeham in Hampshire, not as he lived and was seen, but as he did not live, and consequently was not seen.

There have been as many modes of carrying a crozier as of carrying a musket of the pre-Enfield days. When the fire-lock is at the "shoulder," it is on the left side; when it is at the "order," on the right side. This with privates and corporals, but with sergeants it is always on the right side. We have, however, seen engravings in which this arrangement has been reversed, and the effect was so jarring to a soldier's eye, that we can fancy Sir George Brown having a fit of the colic after looking at them. This misrepresentation arose from the laziness of the engravers in not reversing the pictures in the etching; and in how many of the cases quoted on both sides of this question, may not the same carelessness have occurred? So also with seals and painted glass. Are the arguments drawn from the actual seals themselves, or actual impressions of those seals, or engravings of those impressions? Mr. Buckler (in the pamphlet before us) mentions the possible case of an ignorant glazier putting a painted window together, and turning an Abbot or a Bishop inside out! Against statuary, or brasses, and rubbings of brasses, and against illuminated missals, no such objections can exist, and by *Fourteenth-Century English* instances of these the case must stand or fall.

Mr. Francis Joseph Baigent, of Winchester, the clamorous advocate for the left hand, seems to assume it as an axiom that abbots and bishops must have carried their croziers on different sides. Now in every one of the seven cases now existing in St. Alban's Abbey (a building not unknown to Mr. Scott), the abbots are represented with their croziers in their left hand, so that, by Mr. B's own showing, Mr. Baigent is wrong, and Mr. Scott right. It is probable that there was no rule absolute either way, and like the Little-endians and Big-endians of Swift, the disputants might prolong the controversy on the general question to an indefinite period, but that in the particular case of William of Wykeham, it would be found that Mr. Scott was wrong, and to this extent he appears to plead guilty.

In conclusion let us observe that this printed controversy of some thirty-nine pages is well worth reading, and that it will doubtless be the means of giving us more information on a custom that well merits to be fully understood. The controversialists have a right to be heard; but they must remember that pictures not contemporary, whether on panel or canvas, are not much to be relied on, especially in such matters as customs and costumes. Ben Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden that "the greatest sport he saw in France was the picture of our Saviour with the Apostles eating the Paschal lamb that was—larded."

## SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JOHN DILLON, ESQ., CRAVEN HILL.

## THE WIFE'S PORTRAIT.

A. Elmore, R.A., Painter. S. S. Smith, Engraver.

THE search which modern writers have made into the history of the past has brought to light much that is valuable and much that is curious relative to the manners and customs of society at various epochs. The publication of "Pepys's Diary," for example, reveals to us some amusing and instructive incidents of the time of Charles the Second, from which we see not a little of the inner as well as the outer life of the period, and are brought into personal acquaintance, as it were, with many of those who moved round the circle of which the monarch was the centre, and also with those whose orbit was at various degrees from it. The historian of the House of Macaulay, or Alison type deals with the annals of the country on a broad and philosophical basis; men who, like Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn, leave behind them records of their own lives and actions in connection with those among whom they moved, and with whom they associated, help to fill up the gaps left by the real historian, and thus we arrive at a near approach to the actual existence of things in years long gone by.

Out of the numerous pictures of society that Pepys's book opens up, Mr. Elmore has chosen a very graphic one for illustration. The passage runs thus:—"Mr. Hales begun my wife's portrait in the posture we saw one of my Lady Peters like a Saint Katherine; while he painted Knipp, and Mercer, and I sang." Who Hales was we know not, but it may be taken for granted he was an artist of some repute at the time, or Pepys, who was rather proud of his wife, would not have allowed her to sit to him. However, the lady is placed in position, holding an "attribute" of saintship in her hand, and the artist is studying her face ere he begins work. But the absurdity of the scene is, that while these two are thus seriously occupied, Mr. Pepys joins with two fair companions in a trio of song! Who can imagine Reynolds, or Lawrence, or one of our living portrait-painters, permitting a concert in his studio with a "sitter"—and that, too, a lady—before him? Music and painting are, certainly, sister arts, and may, under some circumstances, be practised in the same apartment without detriment to either; but portraiture is, it may be presumed, the very last department of painting, so far as regards the subject, to admit of anything that would tend to draw away the thoughts from their essential composure.

The picture, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1852, is most skilfully arranged, and the figures, with the exception of that of Hales—rather melodramatic and studied in its pose—are perfectly natural and at ease in attitude; the lady who takes the most prominent part in the trio has an air of abandon about her not altogether comports with that of a modest woman, and certainly not elegant. But the tone of Charles the Second's court was caught not unfrequently by all classes of society. The treatment of the subject, from the arrangement of light and shade caused by the half-covered window of the artist's studio, is especially calculated to make an effective engraving.

\* Who that has ever seen will forget Pugin's famous engraved contrast of King's Cross, London, with Chichester Cross?





S. S. SMITH SCULPT.

THE WIFE'S PORTRAIT — PEPY'S DIARY.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JOHN DILLON ESQ. CRAVEN HILL.

A. ELMORE. R. A. PINX.





## VISITS TO THE PARADISE OF ARTISTS.

## V.

SORRENTO. THE AUSONIAN MOUNT OF OLIVES.  
THE VISUAL FEAST OF SANT' AGATA.

THE southern horn of the Bay of Naples, the promontory of Sorrento, seems made secondarily for the amenities of olives, figs, and oranges, but primarily for the higher purposes of beauty. It is a mount where an angel might be supposed to alight now and then, when wishing to enjoy our planet a little. By-and-by of the wonders of the Amalfitan side, where the slumbrous mountain ridge, addicted to yawning everywhere, sinks to the sea abruptly, besprinkled astonishingly with romantic dwellings. For, as yet, we see only the northern, or Sorrento side, where, from the same summits, slopes come down so gradually as, with the aid of terrace cultivation, to sustain the rarely equalled olive and orange groves. And these form a semi-cirque around the *Piano*, or little Plain of Sorrento, amidst whose mazy luxuriance the scattered buildings just peer with picturesque prettiness, up to their necks in it; like lovely and shy bathers in a placid sea, when some Roman cohort glittered along the dusty hill. Quite thus, just in this manner—it is a praiseworthy simile, this—do belfry towers, façades of rural churches, scattered villages, and airy arcades of farms and villas, looking forth to enjoy the rest, raise their foreheads above the rich and bright entanglements of this little garden-plain; which all the while—though you are apt to forget that—covers a lofty range of cliffs, and therefore often comes to an abrupt edge with the blue sea beyond. And it is seamed by a succession of deep narrow ravines, or torrent-courses, searching their way down to the sea's level, dark rivers of dry shadow, most times, nearly losing themselves among innumerable caves and precipices garlanded wonderfully by some of the longest ivy in the world, down which the noontide sunbeams find their way with a dim grey glistening, and down ruinous old steps and stairs haunted by ancient tradition.

With a vast amphitheatre of olive trees still discernible far above, all thus grayly translucent, you feel here as if you had discovered some favourite spot of antique meditation, where Antoninus Pius (who came here for his health) found calm deeps of benignant wisdom as well, and the young Sorrentine Tasso some earliest germs of his most solemn wild and weird imaginings. And here Tasso returned, when goaded by a mental disease of universal distrust implicating himself, critic-unheated, critic-bewildered, suspecting himself of fatal heresy, and every one else of treachery and covert dislike; his poem self-mutilated of its finest distinctively human fascinations, of the kind dear to his own impassioned and beauty-loving heart, shorn perhaps of its just immortality, in awe-struck deference to priestly prudery. Maddened into a sally of violence which compelled him to fly from Ferrara, here he came, to the home of his childhood, hoping to find shelter in the sympathy of his widowed sister Cornelia. But as he drew near, his suspicions extending to her also, to test her fidelity, he disguised himself as a rustic, and appeared before her as a messenger, with a letter from Torquato, describing himself in moving terms as dangerously ill, and wretchedly unprovided for; on which she fainted away, to his most melancholy comfort and reassurance. But then he bitterly reproached

himself for his ungenerous distrust of her, and, too soon, for doubting on slight grounds the friends and patrons he had abandoned, and hurried back again; and so he found a lunatic cell, instead of a bower of orange-flower blossoms, where, directly opposite to Virgil's study, he might have made Armida's gardens as beautiful as Sorrento.

Threading these subterranean ravines, at last you come out on the sea. And there, a boat in waiting, you may pass a garish day among sea-caves, of which the yellow cliffs that pedestal this paradise are full. Of all the various sermons in stones, none are pleasanter than those which will greet you there with clear Æolian echoings, among the cool, sage, placid rocks admitting deeply the hushed green sea; and the watery beauties (oh, revered shade of Torquato!) are a very bath to a fancy fevered and out of order. How, in such a case, could one, by any possibility, be better guided than by those clear stars of emerald brightness gleaming under the low-browed darkness, and leading out to the light again unexpectedly.

And the yellow cliffs without, rising beyond Meta magnificently, are in the most highly ornamented style of natural rock-architecture; their delicate horizontal mouldings and flutings being broken away into bracketings and clusterings, which resemble wonderfully that Indian architecture, Buddhist and Jaina, of which Mr. Fergusson is perhaps excessively fond. And nearer Sorrento, these caverns, by artificial passages with arched windows like them, lead up to dwellings *inlaid* in the face of the cliff, and seeming to grow naturally out of it; these subtle gradations from the native fantasies of the rock up to the slender turret, arcaded terrace, and *pergola*, forming one of the main delights of Italian picturesqueness. And here these subterranean galleries, bringing you out far above into ancient gardens and groves of villas, seem the very places for all those interesting surprises, passions, and crimes, in which the romance writer revels and glories; the very sight of them suggesting to the fancy chapters of incidents, which it is no less a luxury to conceive, than it would be shocking to perpetrate.

But on a cool day I would not recommend you to linger too long down here. When Sirocco has sickened away, and a fresh wind comes from the soft gentle North (the tender fan of all this region), choose a donkey rather than a boat, and seek by preference the serenely-rapturous heights. For a considerable while, the labyrinth of the walled lanes excludes any extended prospect: for a while after, you are borne clattering up a paved staircase on the mountain-side, with perhaps little to draw attention but a very handsome woman, with a load of figs on her head, coming down through the dark-playing waves of the shadows of the olive boughs. But *pazienza!* wait a little! to atone for the extreme poverty and meagreness of such a prospect, some most sweetly startling combination of the beauties of the surrounding and distant country glimpses between those slender silvery bowers, to burst forth fully in a few moments in boundless magnificence; the sea beneath vying with the sky in purity and softness of azure; and earth in her loveliest forms *etherialised* by the heavenly light, sufficiently explaining the imaginative creation of nymphs and demigods; since beings of any inferior order would be but poorly out of harmony with such blessed abodes. Such is the view over the Bay of Naples; but soon after, from the spine of the ridge, it is the Gulf of Salerno, which

opens beneath on the other side (over the *Arco Naturale*, perhaps, or from the *Conte de' Fontenelli*), with mountains solitary wild, and lofty, receding remotely; their more distant forms, in stately and antique beauty, recalling to mind the Posidonian temples still beneath them. Or sometimes both the Salernian and Neapolitan bays appear from the same point, with the *Ausonian Mount of Olives*, or little more than a hedge of aloes, visible between them.

Having gone through an *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* in our Italian pilgrimage, here we rose to our *Paradiso*. Our Malebolgo (so far as I can distinctly review the confused darkness of that period) was somewhere off Elba (the Second Empire), where we rolled our qualmiest. Our Purgatory was, more clearly, in bed at Naples, when the musquitos within the curtains, and the clatter of the sleepless Neapolitans in the Chiaja just without (which seemed in the very, very room), announced that there would be little rest for our borasco-buffed, sirocco-unstrung frames that sultry night. But now these wretched "Circles" were passed, and on the heights of Sorrento were attained the brighter ones; where we enjoyed Elysian prospects, "Vesuvian winds," and gnatless peace, and felt very much disposed to deck our brows with the olive sprays of this Italy of Italies, to signify how sweetly we were pacified. Nothing was wanting but a Beatrice to show the way; and even when first we sallied forth, a perfectly satisfactory deputy for her appeared—nay, a deputy incomparably preferable to herself; for that bright consummate flower of mediæval bigotry would certainly have chilled and overawed our contemplations with her austere exclusive spirituality, drawing away the mind from a sweet natural paradise before it, to another that is inconceivable, quite unseasonably;—with theological superciliousness disparaging, slightly regarding, the loveliest of God's yet-presented works, by which alone our infant non-creative imaginations can be trained to any distinct conceptions of true beauty worthy of him.\* From others loitering about, a rustical man stepped forth, in harsh yet fluent French offering to take us anywhere for "*un franc, un demi-franc, ce que vous voulez*;" and just then, not seeing our way anywhere, we fortunately engaged him. Fortunately, indeed; for trifling as the circumstance appears, I simply review it as importantly providential—the means of making blessedly successful the highest passages of my pilgrimage through the beauty of this preliminary orb; which it is one's bounden duty, as an intelligent being, to make complete as means and leisure permit; lest, indeed, one should properly be blamed in the next for supineness and ungracious indifference to it. Had I fallen into the leading-strings of that pompous portly mercenary man who next offered himself, my Sorrento stage of this pilgrimage of my soul's early tutelage might have been thoroughly marred; but Francesco Apria was simple and kindly, and of some feeling for the beauties of nature, which gave him a pleasure in lingering on his task, and per-

\* A very, very Beatrice, in the shape of an extra-evangelical clergyman from North Ireland, did once lead me (from Dr. Wilson's) over the Malvern Hills one heavenliest morning. The only clouds lay like translucent water, or in little white curls, low over the plain beneath, the sunny fields appearing through them like the dominions of the young king in the Arabian Nights, when the watery enchantment finally ebbed. It was a rare and a divine phenomenon of nature's beauty. But my companion, noticing nothing, was all rapturous with the unspeakable glories promised by St. Paul. His wife, I found on our return, was sunk into hopeless hypochondriasis, from constant pressure of the mere dregs of St. Paul's divinity, from which the spirit had long been driven by iteration and dull brooding. Could anything now pain the heavenly apostle, it would surely be this.

forming it thoroughly well. A more rustic-looking man you rarely meet; yet his conversation (a little too abundant, perhaps, on the whole) was thoughtful far beyond what we commonly meet with in the same class in our own country; his communicativeness, indeed, extending itself to everybody we met on the road. With us when such men meet, how silent they generally are, from dearth of ideas! Even our country gentry, in their morning calls, from the same cause find muteness perfectly comfortable, not in the least embarrassing, often. But with these lively Italians, their talk (judging from François) overflows their opportunities, is softened by some sense of beauty, deepened by thoughtfulness; their imagination, instead of being bounded by the next parish, actually expanding to some consideration of "men and things," not unfrequently rising to something of the dignity of an abstract question. François has eleven children, over whom, not excepting those launched out in life, he retains a mild patriarchal authority, checking and guiding them with his prescriptive wisdom. He taught himself French quite orally; and could he read and write, might have found an excellent situation in England; but for want of those acquirements, the separation from his family would have been a complete cutting off; and three or four of them would be pretty sure to go wrong without the continuance of his paternal monitions, and the finishing graces which his large experience would give their education. Besides, two or three babies, and twice that number of full-grown sons, were, all together, something too much for the *madrona*, who was never strong, poor woman. Yet may the Englishman's offer have been tempting; the usual wages being but scanty, only half a franc a-day, and the food rarely beyond bread, pollenta, fruit, and sunshine. Even macaroni is for days of *festa* alone, to be eaten reverently under decorations of flowers and tissue paper, in honour of the Madonna, Santa Lucia, and, I rather think, Sant' Antonino.

Francesco (or François, as we called him, from our French medium of intercommunication) had a delicate warm perception of the beauties of nature. His mere words were little more than "*C'est ravissant! Si joli à voir!*" his graces of mind appearing rather in the light of his lively grey eyes, and in the gusto and nice discernment with which he pointed out some lovely view of the very kind (such his fine tact) that I wished to see. And he would buy figs and grapes from the handsomest girls, and hold up for us the heavy branches of trees laden marvellously with the green fruit, grafted on one stem with big citrons and oranges of different sorts, making us fancy what must be when hills and hills are sprayed all over with the blossoms, as well as sheeny with the ripe gold fruitage. Ah, then, here Romance would bring his bride, where not only might her brow be wreathed with orange-flower blossoms, but her whole form aisled and arched with their white hymeneal splendours, and say, "Here, alone, my queen, are you fittingly pavilioned." François' indigence, poor man, was the cause of wealth of a right good, more than substantial, kind for us; and his eleven children were a facilitation of our daily purposes; for, having nothing to do till the season for wrapping up the oranges in silver paper at half-a-franc a day, he was manifestly anxious to eke out his occupation with us, quite ingeniously desirous that we should see everything, and not too much in one day; so as to avert fatigue, and æsthetical repletion, and with

a *crescendo* of beauty, moreover; each day's excursion rising steadily and nicely in interest beyond the former ones. And feeling that our stay at Sorrento was ending, he began to insinuate and inweave discourse of Amalfi and Præstum, with which he was no less acquainted, vividly and pleasantly picturing his services there also, in baffling the imposition of landlords, drivers, and boatmen. Nay, being unchecked (for I had not the heart, or the moral courage, whichever it may be, to dispel such delightful visions), he so enlarged his plans for our mutual benefit as to include Rome itself. And amusing it was at the time to imagine honest François with his serious rustic aspect, and his peeled fig-tree staff, trudging before us through the Eternal City, and making legs at shrines and priests, reduced to silence, indeed, but perhaps not to any very distinct notion that he was indifferently qualified for the task.

Poor, honest, fatherly man! Memory is frequently adding to my little treasury of his graces, and Fancy herself is his friend. Surely, his head was hard at work for us, and incidentally for his family, as he walked on before us up the Sorrento lanes. My silence at length damped his hopes, for he became silent too, and melancholy. Still he must have cherished them, with tender tenacity; for when, all at once, I had finally to say good-bye, with those wishes his simple kindly nature so amply merited, his crestfallen disappointment was something to breed quite a deep compunction for not coming sooner to a clear understanding with him.

The Conti de' Fontinelli was one of his finest points, not attained till a late day in his landscape Decameron. A hundred Italian landscapes in one, it was. The Piano of Sorrento lay beneath, with all its mazy mantling luxuriance of fruity groves; with rural churches, white villages, and arcaded mansions and farms, peering, cropping up, as if to overlook and enjoy the rest. And around, on the hither side, such steepes of varied fertility, with more of those Italian gems of buildings, as baffle the enamoured memory exceedingly. Behind a rock-promontory Vesuvius appears, seeming to lean on it, like a purple film of vapour becalmed. The singular felicity in the composition is, in my opinion, the bold dip this promontory makes landward to a sylvan gap, convent-crowned, beyond which hills and plains faintly glisten with an infinity of other such beauties. Just turn your head, and you behold the Neapolitan and Baian shores crowning with distant gold the sapphire sea—here like a spacious land-guarded lake, the most beautiful of such. On such a day, too, when the Elysian light and calm were there vouchsafed, and all things were displayed with a glowing tenderness that raises them to the semblance of some world of finer elements, where the loveliness of this earth of ours is divinely commemorated, I seemed to have found the Ideal of this kind—a flashing sense of it. What we had seen before, seemed but partial glimpses; this was a mortal paradise complete for us; and I thought nothing could equal it, till taken to Sant' Agata, on the summit of her heavenly earth-contemplating hill.

And certainly (moreover), here are actual maidens apparently well worthy to be the living heart and soul of this enchanting country; the consummate instance occurring when a *contadina* met us descending from the blue sky a hill-top near this last halting-place. "She is coming!" I

whispered, reverentially. Who? *Italy herself!* a representative woman assuredly, with a basket on her head. See, her glorious benignant dark eyes, and noble cast of features, and her shoulders and bust (laced in blue and scarlet in all the magnificence of the pure primitives), worthy of a stately young *matrarch*. With what free unembarrassed deportment her bare feet tread the earth, as if she were the lady and mistress of it, not the mere drudge she is; the wind ruffling her petticoats, but no-wise disturbing the firm buoyant classicality of her gait, heightening very much the picturesqueness of the picture. We must be as children with such beauty as this, ere we can be what *has been* in art. We must go to its *School*, turned back to Raphaellesque elementary lines and pot-hooks; for the ugly lifeless rigidity, or relaxed pointless feebleness of our curves and contours, generally, are as some poor dialect inapplicable for beautifully majestic notions. These Sorrentine charmers, in the main, reminded me of handsome Jewesses, only with eyes dark less sleepy, and features on which the arch-sculptress Nature (after her Hellenic work) seems to have bestowed those finer chisellings which the fair Judean usually wants to thoroughly, exquisitely finish her. And the clearer iris of Italia's magnificent eyes (in my meek opinion, for the subject here is almost beyond me) is finer, as more intellectual in its vivacity; the obvious ring within ring being less sensuously soft, less susceptible of zoological comparison. It seems, indeed, mere flatness to liken such fine orisels for the soul as these to the eyes of ox, or antelope, or anything that does not reach the very depths of human feeling and fancy.

But the hard drudgery of these women's lives ill accords with such dignified beauty. Seldom they seem to leave their homes without being the carriers of something; and I often saw heavy loads on their heads, pressing them prematurely into wrinkles; not only buckets of mud carried away in mending the roads, but heavy stones. While thus employed, at least as much as the men, they have, commonly, a sharp sarcastic manner, a jeering bantering pride, called *maliziosa* (a term by no means to be translated into that dark word *malice*), as if their inner spirit somewhat revolted against such labours. Sweet handsome cynics, pleasingly sharp as aromatic vinegar! Who would not be stared and laughed at, as we were in passing, by such wonderfully fine frank eyes, which meet yours gaze for gaze, with consequences pretty nearly galvanic. They have a song at their work; but it seems to have little joy, or heart, in it, ending in a wailing minor key; which, in their universally harsh toneless voices, and sharp wild utterance, has a depressing effect, indicating a want of harmony and happiness in life where most it would be pleasing to find them. Rarely have I seen a peasantry so handsome, or so little rustic. Our donkey-boy *gouked* at his beasts like a young savage; but when he stood pensively silent (which he had a certain habit of doing), such features, and such a style, our duchesses might have yearned for in their heirs, glancing somewhat askew, perhaps, meanwhile, at a certain whity-brown ineffectiveness, and cold poverty of countenance in young Lords Reginald and Algernon, with flitting fancies of fairy changelings. What eyes the lad had! And, furthermore, in this land of beauty the very donkeys share the general loveliness, though, like the girls we spoke of, *maliziosa*, certainly. Nor in



any populous places would that lovely lad notice our commands to moderate their friskiness. Either he thought a dashing career through the village needful for our common credit, or secretly enjoyed our discomposure; for our "*douceur*!" "*lenteur*!" only called forth a more mischievous vivacity of countenance, and lustier thwackings. The worst trial of all was during a certain heavy fit of rain, when the water-spouts poured down in the middle of the village-lanes with such solid violence that the Staubbach was a fool to them. In my attempts to wheedle and coerce "Lucetta" aside, she would dash into them to my abominably besquinted bedevilment and discomfiture; till I more sagaciously perceived that my true policy was to charge them firmly, on which she invariably danced and frisked me aside in dry-skinned safety. But thus we sometimes have to carry our point with others as well, taking the course contrary to what we would, so as to prevail through their mere ingrained love of opposition.

The charm of these landscapes, on the whole, lies in their picturesqueness refined by beauty so exquisite as to call forth the idealising faculty on its loveliest forms; the local antique associations, of course, supplying ornaments and drapery. And there seems a pensive air around, mildly lamenting some such beautiful beings, now passed away, leaving none like them. The silence, the absence of the voice of birds, and, in that season, of running waters, is much the occasion of this pensiveness of character: it is as a void from which the dear one has departed. The sea, undermining the cliff, has swept away the chamber where Tasso was born; but Pollio Felix's Villa, of which his friend Statius wrote some charming descriptive verses, has left enough to moralise upon in some ruins crowning the promontory beyond; and Roman baths are still traceable in the hollows of natural sea caves. Looking forth from the Sorrento groves, the broken forms opposite of fire-riven cliffs, in island and distant promontory, themselves bearing the impress of change and decay, the whole seems the ruin of some happier world. It is as if contemplating a cemetery of the obsolete life of ancient delights, of which cliff-crowning grottoes once imperial palaces, and towns looking from afar like their own remotest ancestors, are particular monuments.

The foliage, nothing so massy as ours, has a tangled luxuriance, a freakish grace, which might form the finest subjects for the painter, if only he had the *wit* to draw its spirit and character. The pale grey olive (emblem of peace though it be) is peculiarly skittish in the play of its light branches; and the vine, spreading her garland of green-gold translucency from tree to tree, is opposed, in form and moral significance, to the hoary tortuosity of the fig, with its pale branches all of a scrawl; like a poet's head of hair ruffled by the tumultuous birth of fine ideas; or like an old man fretted at the heedless joys of the young people about him. The road from Sorrento to Massa overlooks, at a certain point, a very wilderness of Pomona, full of the richest, loveliest sylvan entanglement and dishevelment of this kind I ever met with; its central governing beauty being, that, where the convergent steeps—it is a sylvan amphitheatre—meet below, there is, to join them, a pair of magnificent soft vernal-green stone pines, between whose traceries the white sails are seen passing along the blue water of the bay. They form a kind of nymph-bridge, fit for the passage of your

prettiest holiday ideal, draped all in mist, moonlit, or dawn-lit. And Vesuvius itself rises directly beyond, with glittering buildings gathered beneath, like water-fowl resting in incubation. In this most fructiferous foreground, the vine is the universal gadabout. Why, Bacchus is a very reticent in this Vertumnian Circus, throwing his net, like emerald cobwebs, from orange to citron and fig-tree, and mingling it with their fruits; which are bunched all together in great masses of various kinds, amidst leafage outwantonng whatever playful art (Arabian or Gothic) ever interwove.

Of the olive I run in danger of saying too much; for I think I fell in love with it, together with I know not what else in this part of the world. It is its silver wreath, handmaid to its golden beauties, illumining shadows with a cool under-gleam of splendour, and inspiring form with light wayward graces, such as landscape-art has forgotten to think of. Such perceptions as those of Le Capelain, son of a Jersey blacksmith, who, with more energy, a more complete, substantial acquaintance with nature, and longer life, might have been the Polygnosus of Landscape, are requisite.\* Some of the hills here the olive thinly covers, as with the dappling of little grey clouds flecking the ruddy soil, just as the grey locks of Balbus of Herculaneum flecked thinly his florid pericranium. Of the same tree, groves vein the descending steeps around the Sorrentine nook; its pale sprays glistening by the darker foliage, or yellow rocks, like twinkling streams; whilst below it lies in soft cool plummy masses, giving airy relief, something as tranquil water does. And yet on entering a grove of the olive, you find it full of liveliest character. Its infancy, indeed, seems to have been embarrassed with difficulties: it is commonly bent and crabbed at the knees, hindered in earlier progress, but eventually emancipates itself, triumphs playfully; and all the finer emblem of peace, inasmuch as it thus seems to have had early thwartings and snubbings, outgrown and overcome; the peace being no constitutional torpor, but a moral victory. There is emblematical propriety, surely, in the fact of the Tree of Amity not attaining this blessed condition till after a few little trials. What would Mr. Ruskin, the most ingenious and penetrative of our botanical moralists, think of it? Finally, in old age, the hoary trunks of the olive trees sink into a weird grotesqueness over the irriguous mounds of soft rich black mould raised about them; where Fancy immediately graves some nymph of their lamenting.

But I cannot have done with it even yet. The divinest beauty of the tree appears, perhaps, in early morning, or the tenderest glow of evening, when you are driven dreamily along such shores as those of Sorrento, or La Spezia, and nothing appears between you and the pure azure bay beneath, but its light forms, all silver in the dawning, or in the Hesperian hour wholly of fair delicate gold; like groves transmuted by Arabian magic, preciously, and angel-trees of Paradise, full of a mystical loveliness.

My picture of the aged olive is from the grove of the Hotel Rispoli, where we lived in most sequestered quietness; our chamber door opening on a lofty terrace, where we

\* His works want substance and detail, and at last he seemed losing himself in fantastical theories, and from want of energy; but in composition, delicacy of feeling, and in the light ethereal grace with which he marks the salient points of beauty, he is scarcely matched. Cosenz and Girtin, who also died in youth, were hardly so great a loss.

had the bay of Naples all to ourselves. Indeed, so much loneliness (making the modest landlord mildly pensive) was something almost pathetic. The only inmate of whom we had any impressive consciousness was the lively young waiter, who seemed lonely there as a little bird in a too large cage—an apt simile; for he was always singing loudly and independently, and mounting from perch to perch, it may be said, too; for he would appear in succession, with his napkin under his arm, at the windows of the empty rooms throughout the house, and throwing the sashes open, continue his song, very like the Tenor at the Opera, when he culminates towards the end of the piece; and between-whiles the ear could trace him along the corridors within; and so he kept up for us the liveliest sense of the emptiness of this admirably appointed, but somewhat Murray-neglected, establishment. But lo, a duet! the queerest soprano alternating with his sweet Giulinings, but soon involving with them in tones more and more zoological; till the two melted together into a purely feline rapture, vying with the most triumphant vocal enthusiasm of our own domestic tiles, in the impassioned moonlight hour, what time the pussies have the whole world to themselves. In the intermediate *crescendo* and *schizzo* movement, we thought the old *camerera* must be melodiously concerting with him; but no, it was all Filet himself, thus indulging his animal spirits and musical largeness of heart; with Vesuvius, Baïa, and Misenum, his silent theatre, spread out alone before him. And his *cantabile*, without the animal embellishments, was delightful, with that warm impulsive heart-tone and manner, which seems a *specialité* of Italy, and which even our very best vocalists do but imitate more or less skilfully, with that shortcoming which must ever distinguish mere taste and discernment, from native feeling. He had a youthful passion for seeing the world, and proposed to follow us through it as our servant. English he devoured with remarkable quickness, and took such a liking to us for extending his Anglo-Saxon vocabulary, that, having gone out in his best clothes on Lucetta up the mountains to see his mother, he came back next morning by five o'clock to say "*buon viaggio*," at the moment of final departure. His principles, nevertheless, were what the *Saturday Review* has denominated "*piebald*." He showed us a pretty watch for which he had changed a very inferior one with another young man, protesting that it went well. "And so it did, at the moment," he added with a sharp twinkle of his little equivocal dark eye. Yet when left with our baggage, and its keys on a particular occasion, he respected the trust, although my two smart Parisian neck-ties may have been tempting. Here confidence had been rightly placed; in the other transaction there ought to have been none, and stupidity was properly and pleasantly outwitted.

That morning was clearer, brighter still! Northward, long lines of highly important mountains appeared, which had not been unveiled of cloud or mist before—the Falerinian ridge, Bacchus's favourite haunt in Italy, source of the golden hippocrene of Ovid, Catullus, and Martial—the heights of the land where the Carthaginian came and settled down, when Sirocco (which bowed us somewhat only) had utterly defeated the Romans at Cannæ; the south "Vulturinus" wind (identical with sirocco) coming with dust and depression into their faces and sinews, being profoundly and really the conqueror, not that mere Han-

nibal, as hath been flimsily and superficially imagined. As for mere Vesuvius, he was so distinct that all his volcanic scorings and channellings were minutely visible, ranging with most impressive traces of destructive energy towards Torre del Greco, the frequent, the recent victim; a little cluster of buildings that glittered as cheerfully and confidently as if the mountain were nothing but a pleasant shelter, a perfect father to it. This was a morning bright and lively as a girl fresh from her lover's first kiss, a day *par excellence* for an excursion; so forth we sallied, a light "Vesuvian wind" filling the sail of our spirits, as we went bound for the summit of Sant' Agata, where Francesco promised a view more "ravissante" than any he had hitherto shewn us. It was a day of days, when every veil of Beauty is withdrawn, and every dimple in her form, and every smiling hue is displayed, in an infinity of loveliness, of which a day less blessed gives but imperfect hints. Clouds there were none, except those lying in bright beds along mountain tops, prepared already for the noonday *siesta* of their tender spirits, and some few lighter ones loitering a little above. Such clouds, lazying away a sunny day, in lingering over Vesuvius, are, I particularly observed, very fond of mimicking the effect of smoke issuing from the summit, dropping a bright filament into the crater, and above hanging motionless in white soft volumes. But it won't do. Such innocency, such dove-breasted flocks of heavenly tenderness, cannot imitate successfully aught that is terrible. Meanwhile we were mounting above the walled lanes and stony staircases of the heights. The sapphire bay below, opening out vastly as we ascended, was just veined, like finest marble, by the lightest wafture of the wind. Never is such a bay, extending beneath, more lovely than when seen above the soft silvery cloud-like masses of the olive groves, or between a framework of the light glittering sprays of the same tree; especially when some stray garland of the vine has found out its way to them, and winds the wreath of gladness about the tree of peace, emblemizing that cheerful and enlightened union between Bacchus and Minerva,\* which is surely something much better than all your desperately cowardly teetotalism.

Higher still, we passed the little upland rural town of Sant' Agata—a village scarcely—since the dwellings resemble impoverished mansions left to a few contadinas and children, rather than cottages. And next we came to the summit of a hill, where that most sweet saint, Sant' Agata, from her height shows such a prospect as, I humbly conceive, the world cannot surpass; being the most comprehensively beautiful view there is of the bays of Naples and Baia, seen with far tracts beyond them, as well as with the Sorrentine country near at hand. Around the horizon those long lines of mountain-loving clouds still lay glittering at rest; long lines of mountains like them beneath, part lost in them; these ranging as far as Mola de Gaeta and Terracina. And nearer, lay the now familiar bays, azure-ethereal, and the shores, with their cities and towns lightly scattering them, and all the promontories and islets; which, though the scenes of Roman power and wickedness, here look like the very isles where Venus's doves came from, seem-

ing so surpassingly placid and innocent. All these were marvellously clear, and yet of colours so delicate I know not what to liken them to, unless to the tenderest hues of those very birds which have just flown over my entranced imagination. Of such, indeed, they seemed, in their *divine modesty* of tint, especially when relieved against the gorgeous red (with yellow pips) in the huge fig I was eagerly devouring the while, in the mere lightness or wildness of animal spirits, and against two sprays of crimson berries which grew alone beside me. Far below lay Sorrento, pretty nearly immersed in its long garden, its *piano*; and in the middle of the prospect, not far off, rose a single airy hill, most Italian in its picturesque dressing of village and ecclesiastical prettinesses, with the peak of Ischia, in violet crystal, remotely peering over it, seeming to crown it.

This was our Italy of Italies, chiefly what we had come so far for; and now we saw it in its best light and beauty, like an Elysian vision that might melt away. Yet steadily it smiled, as we sat, so looking, that it might not fade away from the eye of memory, but remain to revisit and enrich the fancy for ever—even eternally, as we have faith enough to hope and trust. All nature seemed combining to form a picture of celestial peace. The Baian islets and promontories, anciently Cotytto's most fashionable spa, and favourite gardens, where Julia Lollia and Lucius Puppilus were wont publicly to bathe together, and laugh at one another amidst a whole harvest of roses strewn over the diaphanous water—the headlands of Misenum, where then rode the proud sun-gilded triremes, now looked like the abode of loveliest innocence. Around the Neapolitan Bay, the towns and more scattered dwellings were an aspect delicately tranquil as flocks of white seabirds resting around the blue water, but some of them dispersed up the greener heights. The mosquito-bitten sultry City, where the volcanic people are a sort of human mosquitos, making odious sounds as they go about their business, thirsting for your money, even as the gnats thirst for your blood—this feverish City of Unrest, with all its clatter, all the seething of its human lava, all the countless intricacies and lights and shadows of its streets, here resolved itself into a few flecks of most innocent-looking brightness.

And raising, floating my eyes up Vesuvius, I begged his pardon for some unhand-some things lately said about his character and moral aspects as a mountain. Seen from this point, he has a wavy grace, and looks so gentle, with his delicate flowing lines, as to remind one that he preserved far more than he destroyed. Indeed, what did he destroy? A mere handful of dissipated Pompeians. He smothered them, as we, not more excusably, do the bees; but (great antiquarian and æsthetical patron, Meccenas of mountains), he carefully, admirably preserved the Pompeian honey. And of their city (a disreputable little city enough), he composed an incomparable museum—a museum edifying, too, even in the toilet falsities, and cheating implements, the discreditable closets, and the walls scribbled with electioneering acrimonies, which he so snugly buried for our behoof. For in such things are we not glanced at equally; in natural consistent taste, beneath compare, inferior, but in morals everlastingly the same?—Well, well, *æsthetically*, at any rate, we lie prostrate under such a fiery eruption (far worse than anything that ever came from this eminently conservative mountain) of mediæval barbarism,

matter-of-fact heaviness, *dilettanti* asceticism, essentially Spurgeonian pieties, and geometrical morality, as excludes beauty, harmony, and pleasantness from our eyes, and not a purely artistic principle of the highest order has left us.

We could have sat there all day, but the limits of the guide's "promenade" were not yet reached. So on we went, along a grassy plateau, such as I had not even dreamt of in Italy, beautifully green, scattered all over with red-gold fern, fragrant with wild thyme, and animated with small grey cattle, with dark soft eyes, and horns curved backward. And soon the gulf of Salerno came into view, with bold deep-cleft mountains (the headlands of the Sorrento steeps) beetling over it in front, and quite startling one with their sudden appearance; another range, continuing them remotely, majestically peaked and serrated, but all in a faint grey-azure mystical calm, even like the vast plain of sea beneath them; for here the heavens were thinly veiled. Be it remembered that on the other side we saw the Neapolitan Bays, with their shores, of forms lesser, more playful, and archipelagous, and now shining sunnily, like opals with a great deal of rosy fire in them; and then will it not easily be understood that this was, perhaps, the most Elysian of all my days? That is, of my days of landscape Elysium; a qualification better added, lest social blessings should seem slighted; for I have but a poor opinion of those ungenial pedants, who when they talk of nature, mean landscape-nature only, and in a Paradise would soon quarrel with an Eve, if she grew tired of their high-flown discouragements.

François would have extended our circuit, but I had imbibed as much as I well could at one time. My admiration for Sant' Agata was such as wished to remain constantly devoted for the rest of the day at least; and so, on leaving her, I felt very much disposed to close my eyes. And there was cause; for on returning along the Sorrentine promontory, nature was becoming more boldly magnificent in her combinations of the beautiful, forming such pictures of a world of steep groves, plunging mountains, Italian villages, blue waters, and airy plains, as needed for their appreciation a fancy unpossessed by other things. And now they were dashed over by most felicitous glories of light and shade; for a long bright cloud had taken possession of the upper sky (the great aerial event of the day), and shone in its blue heights with imperial brightness and loneliness: a very Augustus of a cloud, it was, with silence around, and darkness underneath, which singled out the loftiest and most energetic forms, and obscured them, with a pathetic gloom. So many being our temptations, it was better that the walls of the Sorrentine lanes should soon enclose us. Trees more massy than usual rose above them, with a very unwonted sound of waters runnelling, which filled one with home sensations. But Italy glowed forth again, when a garland of the vine, all green-gold light, crossed overhead the shade from wall to wall, a wreath emblemizing the highest of heavenly grace and bounty. Yet for *aspect* simply, more admirable still were the olive trees, on passing under them; their lower branches even darkly obscure in the climbing Vesper shades; but their highest sprays above them glinting sharply against the clear blue sky, as if the tree were all wrought magically of the most brilliant living silver.

W. P. BAYLEY.

\* The olive being the tree of Minerva, and as the tree of peace, no less her emblem than the vine is of Bacchus; peace being the object of her wise wars, as distinguished from the British emboldenments of Mars, who ever rabidly delighted in war for its own senseless sake.



## OBITUARY.

JOHN GRAHAM GILBERT, R.S.A.

THE Scottish school of Art has lost one of its most distinguished portrait-painters by the death, in the early part of June, of Mr. Gilbert: he died in Glasgow, where he was born in 1794. At the usual age he entered as a student in the schools of the Royal Scottish Academy, where he obtained the gold medal for proficiency: afterwards he proceeded to Italy to make himself acquainted with the works of the old painters of that country. His portraits show more of the refined and classic character of Italian Art than of Spanish, to which the majority of the portrait painters of Scotland are inclined. Many of his fancy portraits of young females, and especially of Italian girls, are very beautiful. Though he had passed his threescore years and ten, his hand had lost none of its power, nor his eye its love of colour. Speaking of his full-length portrait of Mr. Lawson, ex-Provost of Edinburgh, exhibited at the Scottish Academy this year, the correspondent who sent us a notice of the exhibition says,—"It displays that power of colour, clear, rich, and deep, which Mr. Gilbert possesses in the highest measure, as if his place of study had been from youth to age on the shores of the bright Adriatic. Mr. Lawson looks, in his official robes, like a Doge of old Venice; and the notion is sustained by the Venetian sweetness and lucidity of the colouring, and the look of thorough completeness and mastery about the whole work, as though it belonged to an earlier and a greater school altogether."

WILLIAM JAMES GRANT.

We have to record the death, on the 2nd of June, of this popular painter, of whose life and works an account appears in the *Art-Journal* for the month of August, 1864. Mr. Grant died at the early age of thirty-seven. In our remarks, last month, on the Royal Academy exhibition, one of his contributed works, 'The Lady and the Wasp,' is spoken of as "the most diligent we have yet noted by this artist." Had his life been prolonged he would certainly have made his way to something beyond a good reputation.

JOSEPH LOUIS HIPPOLYTE BELLANGÉ.

This artist, one of the most popular of the modern "battle painters" of France, died in the early part of May, at the age of sixty-six, and after very many months of severe illness. He was a native of Paris, studied under Gros, and acquired considerable reputation in the early part of his career by his lithographic drawings of military figures. In 1824 he obtained a second class medal for *genre historique*. Two of his pictures were seen in our International Exhibition of 1862; one called 'The Two Friends' was lent by its owner, the Duke of Hamilton; the other represented 'A Square of Republican Infantry repulsing Austrian Dragoons, 1795.' The former is a small work, but of a high quality, both in feeling and execution. Two young soldiers lie dead on the field of battle, one apparently killed while tending the other. An ambulance party passing by with some wounded, stops for a moment to look upon the prostrate forms of the dead "friends."

M. Bellangé's most notable pictures are 'The Battle of Alma,' 'The Departure from the Cantonment,' 'Painful Adieus,' 'The Return from Elba,' 'The Cuirassiers at

Waterloo,' 'The Morning after the Battle of Jemappes,' 'The Battle of Fleurus,' 'The Passage of the Mincio,' 'The Defile after the Victory.' His works are to be seen in the galleries of Versailles, the Luxembourg, and in some of the French provincial collections,—they often exhibit not so much the actual tumult of battle, as striking and touching incidents of national warfare. This artist obtained one of the prizes at the *Exposition Universelle* of 1855, was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1834, and was promoted to the rank of an officer of that Order in 1861. He has left a son, Eugène Bellangé, who bids fair to uphold as an artist the credit of his father's name.

GILBERT FRENCH, F.S.A. *Edin.*

THE local papers announced, in the early part of May, the death of this gentleman, at Bolton, a town to which, during nearly half a century, he did good service as a manufacturer, and in various other ways. The event must not be passed over in our columns; for Mr. French was something more than a mere Art-manufacturer, though this in itself would be sufficient to demand a notice from us. He was born in Edinburgh, and before leaving his native city had shown a taste for literature by his contributions to the public press. In 1829 he removed to Bolton, and engaged in the drapery business; but during the last quarter of a century he turned his attention to the preparation of ecclesiastical furniture, and church decorations generally, but especially to the manufacture of altarcloths, and other similar fabrics used in our churches. Several of these productions have at various times been engraved in this *Journal*; and for the taste and elegance manifested in the designs, Mr. French acquired high reputation. Although thus engaged in pursuits of a necessarily engrossing character he found time to cultivate his love of science, literature, and Art, not merely for his own gratification, but for the instruction of others. For some time he was President of the Bolton Mechanics' Institute, and frequently delivered lectures to the members on chemistry and other subjects. To two of these lectures, those on the Life and Times of Samuel Crompton, the town is indebted for the fine statue of Crompton which is erected there. In 1860 Mr. French published the biography of Crompton in a large volume, noticed by us at the time. Among numerous other productions of a minor character published by him may be mentioned, as indicating the bias of his mind and the varied knowledge he had acquired:—"Practical Remarks on some of the Minor Accessories to the Services of the Church, with Hints on the Preparation of Altar Cloths, Pede Cloths, and other Ecclesiastical Furniture, addressed to Ladies and Churchwardens;" "An Attempt to Explain the Origin and Meaning of the Early Interlaced Ornamentation found on the Ancient Sculptured Stones of Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of Man;" "On the Banners of the Bayeux Tapestry, and some of the Earliest Heraldic Charges;" "Notes on the Nimbus;" "The substance of a Lecture on the History and Manufacture of Stained Glass Windows," &c. &c.

A writer in the *Bolton Guardian* thus speaks of his deceased fellow-townsmen:—"The life and labours of such a man are not to be measured by ordinary standards, nor their influence to be placed in contrast with such as only seek to do good to one object, or in one direction. The teaching power of such an example as Mr. French's

life affords must be sought in the higher region of morals and intellectual elevation, and those genial influences which refine the feelings and improve the heart. Nor was his well-doing confined to the works we have so briefly and imperfectly indicated, but his active benevolence was more extensive than many persons were aware of. In this respect few persons realised so fully the sentiment of the poet, for he frequently

"Did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame."

We can add to this eulogium our own personal testimony to the worth and excellence of Mr. French as a man whose memory is entitled to all esteem.

W. H. LEEDS.

The decease of Mr. Leeds, at an advanced age, was announced towards the end of May. He was the author of G. Moller's "Translation of Memorials of German Gothic Architecture;" the "Supplemental Volume to Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London by J. Britton and A. Pugin;" "The Travellers' Club-House by C. Barry;" and of several of the articles in the *Penny Cyclopædia* which treat of architecture. Mr. Leeds also wrote for numerous architectural publications, and in the earlier career of our *Journal* was a frequent contributor to its columns.

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

BRUSSELS.—The Belgian legislature has voted the sum of 85,000 francs to defray certain expenses connected with the pictures painted and bequeathed to his country by M. Antoine Wiertz, whose death we referred to about a year since. The Government, as we then stated, had erected a studio for the painter, on conditions which the *Builder* of a recent date thus speaks of:—"M. Wiertz was to have the sole use of the building during his lifetime, and in return he made over to the Government six of his principal works, and engaged to cover the walls of the studio with frescoes, on the express condition that 'these pictures, together with those which he might afterwards present to the Government, should always remain on the walls of the studio, which would thus become a state gallery.' In 1861, a further sum of 23,000 francs was granted to M. Wiertz for the purpose of acquiring a piece of land situated between the garden of the studio and a new street, which bears the artist's name. In consideration of this grant a seventh picture was made over to the Government on the same conditions as the others. M. Wiertz died on the 18th of June last, and the Government became possessed of the site, building, frescoes, and seven paintings,—"The Homeric Contest," 'The Fall of the Angels,' 'The Triumph of Christ,' 'Christ in the Sepulchre,' 'Eve,' 'Satan,' and another. The artist's will, it appears, was not quite formal, and it contained no expression of his intention with regard to his remaining works. M. Potvin, the sole legatee, offered to give up the whole of them to the state, in compliance with the expressed wish of the deceased artist. Counsel's opinion was taken as to the validity of the will, and the report presented to the king on the subject of the legacy and the expenses connected with its reception, states that the will is 'unattackable,' naively adding that 'the use which M. Potvin wishes to make of his rights can only give it increased force.' The Government has, accordingly, become possessed of the whole of M. Wiertz's remaining works, to the number of fifty-eight, including some pieces of sculpture. When the necessary arrangements shall have been made, the Musée Wiertz will be opened to the public." One of his pictures, 'The Homeric Contest,' or 'The Fight for the Body of Patroclus,' may, as we have elsewhere stated, be seen in the Crystal Palace.

## THE WORKS OF A. MACCALLUM.

YEAR by year the custom seems to gain ground of individual artists opening exhibitions of their own works, and so long as the space at the disposal of the Academy continues so limited as it is, the practice will extend, despite the great expense attending such means of arriving at publicity. With regard to the distinction most coveted by artists in this country, landscape painters have been very hardly dealt with. The most meritorious of them, however, have received from the public that acknowledgment which has been denied by the Academy with a consistency so persevering that it is, we think, more than twenty years since any landscape painter has, until lately, been admitted to its ranks. The kind of Art that is now offered to our notice in the Dudley Gallery, is what, not only in the days of Gainsborough, but in the later time of Constable, would have been regarded as the very madness of painting. Thus while the leading principles of that period are also those of the living school, there are yet others of which earlier artists knew nothing. It is six or seven years since attention was drawn in the Academy to a landscape by Mr. MacCallum, by its marvellous beauty of finish accompanied by a genuine daylight breadth. From that time to the present the works of this artist have not been very conspicuous, yet it is clear that he has been most industrious, as he now comes before the public with thirty-five paintings, some of which must have occupied many months of assiduous labour on the very sites which the subjects represent.

The most remarkable of these are (like that mentioned above) sylvan scenery, and some of them afford versions of winter, but without the more dismal features of the season, as the 'Charlemagne Oak—Forest of Fontainebleau,' an ancient and now broken bole, painted with such precision as to give not only every crevice of the gnarled trunk, but, by patient and honest painting, the complex reticulation of the extremities of the branches. The ground is covered with the dead leaves of the last autumn, but the day is sunny and bright, and we see far into the misty distance down the slopes of Mount Ussy, on which we are here placed. Opposite to this large picture is another of like size, each filling the end of the room. The latter is a 'Glade in Sherwood Forest,' painted as carefully and as successfully as the Fontainebleau subject. In the coincidence of the trees there is nothing remarkable, similar combinations are common, but the rendering is so full of suggestion as to fill the mind with the most vivid imagery. It is not surprising to find that, with such power of description, Mr. MacCallum should so entirely confide to local incident the impressions he wishes to convey. Thus, not one of these subjects digresses into human episode, and such a recurrence cannot be accidental. For the painter of such a picture as 'The Charlemagne Oak'—we know of no place more abounding in similar material than Burnham Beeches, and there, in sooth, he has more than once established himself and painted that peculiar material which no other locality affords, working at the fitful pleasure of the sunshine which, in its caprice, gave him, perhaps, only a quarter of an hour daily of the light he so much coveted. But not to dwell too long on woodland scenery, there is 'Rome from Monte Mario,' which places us amid the ilex groves of "that ilk," presenting, as it were, a scene from dreamland, studded with the crumbling monuments of the ancient city, which effectually dwarf all modern architecture. There is also 'Venice after Sunset,' showing San Giorgio, Santa Maria Maggiore, the Grand Canal, the Piazzetta, the Campanile, and others of the well-known buildings which continue the circle. As a further *variorum* we have 'The Foot of the Gorner Glacier Zermatt, Switzerland;' 'Monte Rosa—Val d'Anzasca;' 'Mont Blanc, from Val d'Aosta;' 'The Margjelen See;' 'Rheingrafenstein, on the Nahe;' and many woodland subjects, all painted with a success which does not always attend efforts to combine finish with breadth.

## SCENERY OF SWITZERLAND.\*

SWITZERLAND is now such a "travelled" country that no artist who makes it his sketching

ground can expect to produce little with which thousands of English men and women are not already acquainted. Still, there are few places one has visited whereof we are not pleased to have some reminiscence in the form of a picture,



CASTLE OF SPIETZ, LAKE OF THUN.

and the volume published by the Religious Tract Society offers an abundance of illustrations of the grand and picturesque scenery of Switzerland; almost every page of the book



ON THE LAKE OF LUCERNE.

supplies an example. The name of Mr. E.

\* SWISS PICTURES, DRAWN WITH PEN AND PENCIL. The illustrations by Mr. E. Whymper, F.R.G.S. Published by the Religious Tract Society, London.

Whymper is so well-known as an artist and an engraver on wood, while his knowledge of the country, and his celebrity as one of the most distinguished members of the Alpine Club, add



to his qualifications for such work as he has here performed. It is quite true that a very large proportion of the engravings have appeared

in other publications of the Society which issues this, but it was a good idea to present them in a collected and more permanent form, with

the advantages of careful printing on substantial and delicately toned paper. The character of the illustrations may be gathered from the



THE WELLHORN AND WETTERHORN.

specimens introduced here. The letter-press of the book is quite subordinate to the pictures; it

consists chiefly of extracts, both in prose and poetry, from the writings of various authors,

and has generally a religious tendency in conformity with the objects of the publishers.

## PICTURE SALES.

A SALE of pictures by the old masters is now of so rare occurrence that it may almost be spoken of as an "event." Such a collection, however, passed into the hands of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Co., for disposal, and was sold on the 12th of May. Several of the works belonged to Mr. G. H. Morland. Among the paintings were:—*Marie Leckzinski, Queen of Louis XV.*, introduced to the Domestic Virtues, P. Boucher, 143 gs. (Nieuwenhuys); *The Entrance of the Grand Canal, Venice*, and the *Doge's Palace, Venice*, both by Canaletti, 200 gs. (Pearce); *Sea View—a Calm*, W. Van de Velde, 190 gs. (Stephens); *Frozen River Scene*, A. Van der Neer, 215 gs. (Lenthall); *Italian Landscape*, F. Moucheron, with figures and cattle by A. Van de Velde; and its companion, *A Hunting Party near the Ruins of a Temple*, by the same, 365 gs. (King); *Dutch River Scene*, with fishing-boats at anchor, and several figures in a boat in the foreground, A. Cuyp, 240 gs. (Jones); *Italian Landscape*, with figures and animals near some ruined buildings, N. Berghem, 200 gs. (Cox); *Dead Game, Fruit and Flowers*, &c., J. Weenix, 580 gs. (Trant); *Italian Scene*, buildings, ruins, and figures, Canaletti, 95 gs. (Stephens); *Seaport*, Claude, 480 gs. (Lenthall); *Henry III., Stadtholder*, with his wife Emilia, Princess of Solms, and other distinguished personages, Gonzales Coques, 110 gs. (Newman); *Landscape*, with cows and sheep, the town of Dort in the distance, A. Cuyp, 200 gs. (Pearce); *A Farm in Holland*, a very fine picture by A. Cuyp, 670 gs. (Hall); *St. Joseph and the Infant Saviour*, Murillo, formerly in the gallery of Louis Philippe, 240 gs. (Morrison); *Flowers in a Vase*, Van Huysum, 285 gs. (Trant); *The Virgin Enthroned*, holding the Infant Christ on her lap, to whom St. Francis and St. Catherine kneel in adoration, Guido, 171 gs. (Lusty); *Classic Landscape*, with the story of Orpheus and Eurydice, N. Poussin, 95 gs. (Stephens). The entire sale produced £8,000.

A large and valuable collection of modern pictures in oil-colours and in water-colours was sold by Messrs. Christie and Co. on the 19th of May. The oil-paintings included:—*Coast Scene*, with a ferry-boat and figures, Sir A. W. Calcott, R.A., bought at the artist's private sale, 275 gs. (Agnew); *Interior of an Irish Cabin*, F. Goodall, R.A., 95 gs. (Wallis); *Remember the Grotto*, T. Webster, R.A., the small sketch for the large work, 96 gs. (Agnew); *A River Scene*, P. Nasmyth, 175 gs. (E. White); *Landscape*, P. Nasmyth, 145 gs. (Agnew); *Rembrandt Painting the Portrait of his Mother*, with the Burgomaster and other figures, Robert Fleury, 125 gs. (Baxter); *The Shade of the Beech Trees*, T. Creswick, R.A., 325 gs. (Agnew); *The Chapter-house, Bordeaux*, D. Roberts, R.A., 168 gs. (Agnew); *Cattle, Sheep, and a Goat*, in a landscape, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 175 gs. (McLean); *Bacchanals gathering Grapes*, Sir D. Wilkie, R.A., 110 gs. (Baxter); *View at Ventnor, Isle of Wight*, W. Collins, R.A., 975 gs. (Agnew); *Venus Descending*, W. Etty, R.A., 490 gs. (Colnaghi); *The Cherry-seller*, T. Webster, R.A., 840 gs. (Colnaghi); *On the Zuyder Zee*, C. Stanfield, R.A., 960 gs. (E. White); *Dordrecht*, the companion picture, 840 gs. (Wallis); *The Skittle Players*, W. Collins, R.A., 1,200 gs. (Agnew); *The Hay Wain*, J. Constable, R.A., who received from the French Government a gold medal for the work when it was exhibited in Paris during the reign of Charles X., 1,300 gs. (W. Cox); *The Seventh Plague of Egypt*, J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 1,010 gs. (Earl Grosvenor). The two next subjects are water-colour drawings:—*Putting on Hairs*, W. Hunt, 175 gs. (Agnew); *Orfordness*, J. M. W. Turner, 375 gs. (Agnew). The whole of the above works were the property of Mr. George Young. His collection of twenty-six paintings and three drawings realised the large sum of £10,460.

The following pictures belonged to another owner:—*Scenes in the Highlands*, F. R. Lee, R.A., with cattle by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 220

gs. (Hayward); *On the Lago Maggiore*, G. E. Hering, 116 gs. (Hicks); *Youth and Innocence*, J. L. Gérôme, 360 gs. (Lefevre); *An English Landscape*, with peasants and cattle, T. Gainsborough, R.A., 480 gs. (Agnew); *The Thatcher*, G. Morland, 95 gs. (Graves); *Labourages Nivernais*, the celebrated picture by Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, painted for Count Orloff, 2,000 gs. (Sir Ivor Guest); *Hogarth's Studio, 1739*, painted by E. M. Ward, R.A., for the late Mr. Duncan Dunbar, and now sold by order of his executors acting under the direction of the Court of Chancery, 480 gs. (Burton); *Dr. Johnson at Cave's, the Publisher*, H. Wallis, 115 gs. (Mann); *Ostend Jetty*, a storm coming on, A. Achenbach, 155 gs. (Cox); *Portrait of a Lady*, in a white and gold dress, reading a book, Sir J. Reynolds, 305 gs. (Clarke); *Dordrecht*, the sea in the distance, C. Stanfield, R.A., 1,450 gs. (Tooth); *Samson and Delilah*, F. Leighton, A.R.A., 240 gs. (Baxter); *Taming of the Shaw*, Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 1,430 gs. (Eaton); *Jacob and Rebekah at the Well*, W. Dyce, R.A., 580 gs. (Wallis); *Home again*, H. O'Neil, A.R.A., the engraved picture, 295 gs. (Evans); *Loch Katrine*, P. Nasmyth, 145 gs. (Marsden); *Fête Day off Venice*, W. Müller, 145 gs. (Cooper); *Landscape*, with sheep, Auguste Bonheur, 95 gs. (Webster).

Six paintings, which belonged to the late Mr. G. Bonnell, the well-known dealer, were next disposed of. They were:—*A Sultry Evening on the Thames, near Maidenhead*, Sir A. W. Calcott, R.A., 660 gs. (Maxwell); *To Arms! to Arms! ye Brave!* W. Etty, R.A., 560 gs. (Maxwell); *A Trout Stream—Showery Weather*, J. Constable, R.A., 140 gs. (Adams); *The Village Festival*, F. Goodall, R.A., engraved in the *Art-Journal*, 495 gs. (Sergeant); *Passing the Cross*, J. M. W. Turner, R.A., an early work, 190 gs. (Sergeant); *The Raft—Sunset*, F. Danby, R.A., 190 gs. (Sergeant).

The sale concluded with some pictures that belonged to a gentleman in the country, now deceased; they were sold by order of his executors. Among them were:—*Evening in the Meadows, at Fordwich, near Canterbury*, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 420 gs. (Graves); *The Haunt of the Kingfisher*, T. Creswick, R.A., 165 gs. (Agnew); *Malvolia and Olivia*, W. P. Frith, R.A., a small canvas, 95 gs. (Checketts); *The Hayfield*, and *Landscape*, both by D. Cox, 145 gs. (Agnew); *The Bouquet*, C. Baxter, 115 gs. (Allen); *Coast Scene*, with a fishing-boat putting off in a storm, Sir A. W. Calcott, R.A., 840 gs. (W. Cox); *Collecting the Offerings in a Scotch Church*, J. Phillip, R.A., 660 gs. (Burton); *Landscape*, W. Müller, a boy with white mice and two children in the foreground, by W. Collins, R.A., 480 gs. (Cox); *Tivoli*, with the ruins of *Mecenas's Villa*, W. Müller, 130 gs. (Burnett); *View of the Acropolis*, W. Müller, 550 gs. (Burnett); *View near Tivoli*, W. Müller, 220 gs. (Burnett); *River Scene*, an upright picture, W. Müller, 290 gs. (Allen). The proceeds of the day's sales amounted to the large sum of £28,285.

The final portion of the stock of Mr. Flatow, the well-known picture dealer, was sold by Messrs. Christie and Co. on the 26th of May. The principal specimens, the majority of which consisted of small canvases, were:—*Waiting for an Answer*, and *The Orange Flower*, the original finished sketches by J. C. Horsley, R.A., for the pictures exhibited this year at the Royal Academy, 125 gs. (Waller); *Spring*, and *Autumn*, a pair by Vicat Cole, 155 gs. (Bayley); *The Bed-room at Knowle*, A. L. Egg, R.A., 100 gs. (Paton); *Dean Swift regarding a Lock of Stella's Hair*, E. Crowe, 100 gs. (Paton); *Maggie, you're cheating*, the finished sketch for the picture exhibited at the Academy last year, J. Archer, R.S.A., 95 gs. (Paton); *Sir Launcelot and Guinevere*, J. Archer, R.S.A., 225 gs. (Parneter); *Farmhouse, North Devon*, F. R. Lee, R.A., with cattle by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 110 gs. (Grindley); *The Noonday Meal* and *Labour*, a pair by W. F. Witherington, R.A., 125 gs. (Franklin); *A Sunny Day*, and *Sheep*, a pair by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 385 gs. (Poole); *The Convent Gate*, J. Archer, R.S.A., 115 gs.

(Holmes); *A Highland Interior*, J. Phillip, R.A., 155 gs. (Fletcher); *The Rejected Tenant*, E. Nicol, A.R.A., 165 gs. (Holmes); *The Flower of the Flock*, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 135 gs. (Wareham); *The Mountain Stream*, P. F. Poole, R.A., 145 gs. (Clarke); *The Bird-trap*, its companion, P. F. Poole, R.A., 150 gs. (Graves); *Landscape*, and *Gipsy Encampment*, a pair, by J. Linnell, 175 gs. (Holmes); *Mary, Queen of Scots, taking her last look at France*, W. P. Frith, R.A., 165 gs. (White); *Rome*, D. Roberts, R.A., 210 gs. (Farmer); *Prayer*, E. Frère, 140 gs. (Sanders); *The Connoisseurs*, E. Frère, 140 gs. (Sanders); *Italian Landscape*, a large and fine painting by Sir A. W. Calcott, 1000 gs. (Moore); *The Cottage Door*, F. Goodall, R.A., 125 gs. (Bell); *The Grand Tor, Orwicz Bay, South Wales*, C. Stanfield, R.A., and one of his grandest works, 1,650 gs. (Wilkinson); *Old Letters*, M. Stone, exhibited last year at the Academy, 250 gs. (Clarke); *The Cory Corner*, J. C. Horsley, R.A., 145 gs. (Bell); *Interior of a Cattle-shed*, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 500 gs. (Fletcher). The whole of Mr. Flatow's pictures realised £33,335.

## PART OF THE EAST FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

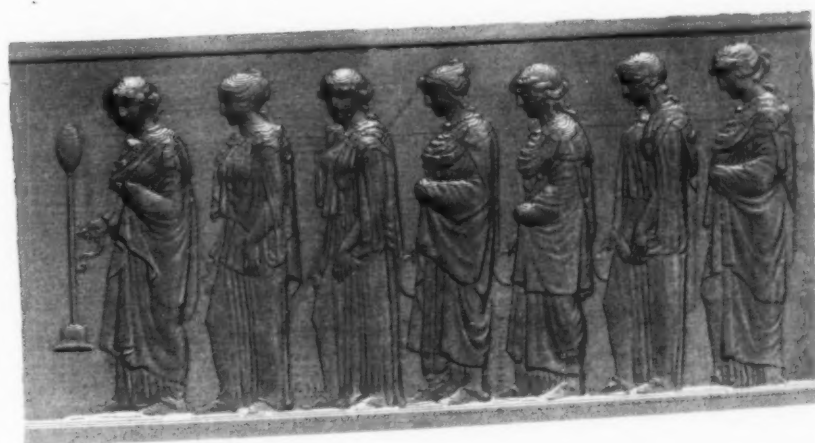
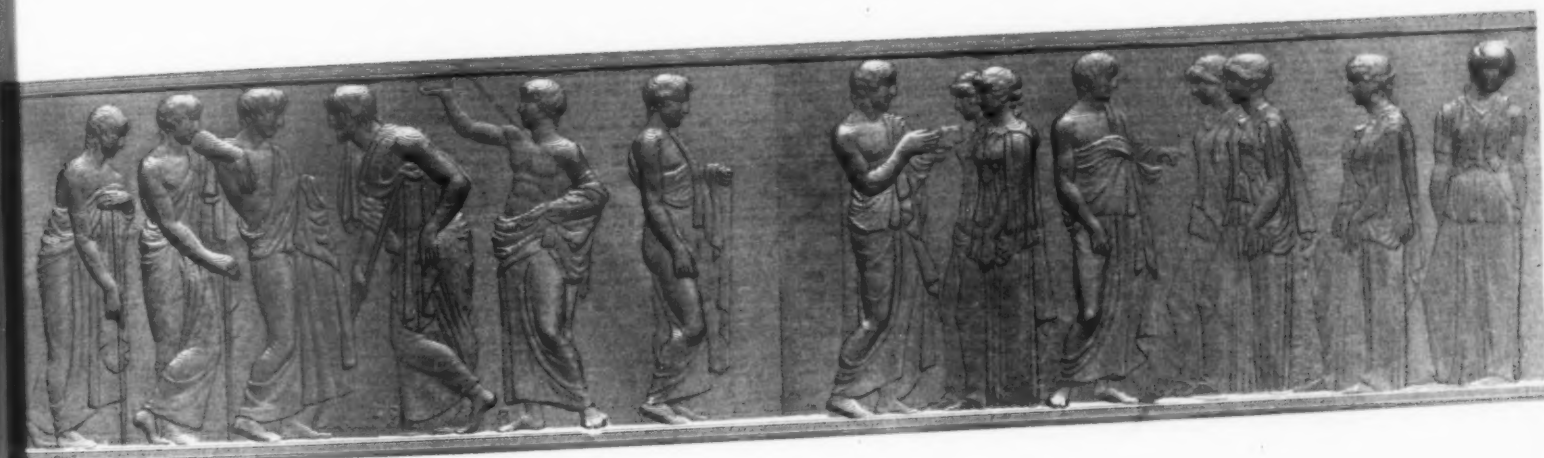
ENGRAVED BY A. R. FREEBAIRN.

SEVERAL years ago, to accompany a biographical notice of the late Mr. John Henning, we introduced an engraving of a portion of the celebrated Greek friezes, now in the British Museum, as restored by Mr. Henning, a remarkable, but little known sculptor, till these restorations brought his name forward. The engraving to which we refer was executed by the late A. R. Freebairn's anaglyphic process—one peculiarly adapted to such works; and till somewhat recently we had no idea he had produced any other from these friezes. But another plate has found its way into our possession; it represents four slabs of the eastern frieze, as the former plate represents three slabs of the western frieze.

Few of our readers but must be aware that those wonderful sculptures, known as the *Elgin Marbles*, were brought from Athens, where they originally formed the ornaments of the porticoes of the Parthenon. The subject of the entire series being the solemn procession of the Panathenæa, which took place every fifth year. The first of the three designs appearing in the annexed print is from the largest slab in the whole collection; it stood over the eastern entrance or door, and was the centre of the entire composition, and has been thus described:—Almost in the middle stands a Priestess, supposed to be the wife of the principal *Archon*, or chief magistrate, of Athens; she is in the act of receiving from two *canephoræ*, or bearers of the mystic baskets, the various articles used in the rites of sacrifice. Behind her is the *Archon* in a robe which reaches from the neck to the feet; he is taking from the hands of a youth a piece of cloth folded in a square form in numerous thicknesses; this cloth is thought to be the *peplos* or embroidered veil, the sail of the Panathenæic ship. On each side of these figures are others, principally seated—a few only are seen in the engraving—among whom Jupiter, Minerva, Triptolemus, Æsculapius, and Hygeia are prominent.

The groups in the other slabs represent various persons who take part in the procession; the lower one shows a train of females. We may remark that in our former engraving the figures were all of an equestrian character; in this they are for the most part on foot.





PART OF THE EAST FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON

AS RESTORED BY THE LATE JOHN HENNING.

ENGRAVED BY THE LATE A. R. FREPBARN.

LONDON: WATKIN & CO.





## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE position of the Royal Academy has assumed a new phase. Government seems disposed to leave the body in possession of the now National Gallery, or rather to make over to it the whole of the building, and to construct a proper gallery for the Nation behind Burlington House. Another proposition is to give the Academy three acres of ground at South Kensington; but of course, as that would be no gift from the country, a large sum of money, in addition, would be granted by Parliament as a set-off against the value of their present "lodging" in Trafalgar Square. The first arrangement, we think, would be the best for all parties. Our National Gallery is not a thing to boast of. Moreover, without considerable augmentation, at great cost, it is not large enough to contain even the pictures at present public property, including the portrait collection, now shamefully housed. To send the Royal Academy to South Kensington—notwithstanding that it is daily growing less and less a suburb, and a railway will very soon pass the doors of the Department—would be to deprive the Academy of half its income. Possibly the half may be enough for all its wants, but we can scarcely expect the members to make such a sacrifice without a murmur. The question really resolves itself to this—what will the Royal Academy give to the country in return for a gift the worth of which cannot be estimated at less than £300,000? We attach no importance to the advocacy of Sir Edwin Landseer, and as little to the official declarations of Sir Francis Grant: both these gentlemen take a very one-sided view of the case. They consider they give enough when they give nothing; and that the country is very well served by the Academy as it is, having no right to demand changes the members do not themselves deem desirable. In a word, the Academy will bargain to do nothing, although it expresses a willingness to do a little if left entirely to its own will. But we trust that neither Government nor Parliament will sanction a procedure by which they part with all chance, now and for ever, of making the Royal Academy one of the institutions of the country—a public and not a private body—responsible to the nation, and not solely and exclusively to themselves. If the "lay-element" be still resisted (as perhaps it ought to be), at least there should be a power of superintendence (surveillance even) on the part of one of the ministers of the Crown, and Parliament should undoubtedly have the right to interfere in its future proceedings, in the event of interference being necessary, expedient, or desirable. To give the Academy so immense a boon as that contemplated, and to relinquish all right of control now and hereafter, would be an act of insanity we can scarcely conceive possible, and to which, we feel assured, the House of Commons will never accede.

Its honour, its prosperity, its glory, ought to be thoroughly identified with the nation. Every man and woman in the country ought to feel that its interests are national interests, and that to promote its welfare is to advance the national good.

We believe that a very little of the give and take might do this: but the Academy must not regard the public as meriting no love because it manifests no affection. It is the duty of the Academy to offer such concessions as will satisfy the public, and to establish the harmony that cannot fail to benefit both.

THE FRENCH  
"EXPOSITION RETROSPECTIVE."

It may indeed be considered an epoch in the history of Art, when our French neighbours recognise in our organisations, in connection therewith, any feature worthy of admiration and imitation. Two remarkable instances of the kind have, however, recently occurred, which may be noted as evidence that Arts are liberal, just as we have long had the "*litteras humaniores*." In both, the energy of British private enterprise, as disconnected with any government initiatory movement, is heartily recognised, and with a yearning for emulative action which can scarcely fail to produce goodly fruits. The first refers to the truly magnificent exhibition got up in Paris, in the year gone by, in imitation of that of Kensington in 1862. The seed from which so luxuriant a growth became realised, may be found in the following passage from an article in an excellent contemporary across the Channel, *La Gazette des Beaux Arts*:—"The contact of France and England, rendered so frequent by the universal exhibitions of Paris and London, will not have been without its use towards the movement of regeneration now in course of organisation, and with which we wish to interest our readers. On visiting a country so near to us in locality—so far separated in manners—we have learned how much some men of hearty purpose—a few citizens generously devoted to the public good—can effect in their unrestricted freedom; and this lesson is forcibly compressed in the words, often quoted, of a sovereign, who passed a portion of his life in England, and brought away from it some of its maxims. "Individual projectiveness," he remarked, "indefatigably energetic, raises government from the position of being the sole mover of a nation's vital forces; be it your task, then, to stimulate in individuals a spontaneous energy in promoting all that is beautiful or useful."

The society which sprang up from this invocation, *L'Union Centrale des Beaux Arts Appliqués à l'Industrie*, can scarcely fail to have a hereafter of great importance to France. The same energetic spirit of combination we find in the second manifestation to which we have referred. It announces itself frankly in the preliminary notice attached to the catalogue of the *Exposition Retrospective*:—"In England," it is thus set forth, "without reverting to the incomparable Manchester Exhibition, exhibitions of works of the old masters have become an irradicable custom, and the British Institution has brought forward successively almost all the treasures preserved by the English aristocracy. Let us try to naturalise in France, with the auspicious concurrence of parties who are holders of great works, this excellent mode of education through the eye."

The result of the *premier pas* thus taken, has been highly encouraging. Nearly sixty holders of good and of some great pictures, have sent in close upon two hundred canvases to sustain the experiment. The *Palais de l'Industrie* yields accommodation for the display, which occupies a spacious square saloon, one side whereof resolves itself into three cabinets, where some of the choicest works of the collection are garnered up.

A general digest of the whole gives but few Italian works, and few also of the Spanish school, but a very strong selection from the Dutch and Flemish. Greuze, on his native soil, is indicated by some seventeen cabinet works, and these, together with paintings of recent French celebrities, no longer living, engross one-third of the catalogue.

The most remarkable of the Italian works is Leonardo da Vinci's 'Christ blessing the World,' a well-known picture, engraved by Hollar, and belonging to M. le Baron de Larcintz. It is in admirable preservation, and of a deep, powerful tone; but the expression of the visage is singularly unfortunate, with no look of the divinity, but a something ambiguous and almost sinister. A greater contrast could not be found than exists between this and the 'Christ with the Doctors' of the National Gallery, or that

of 'The Last Supper.' Paul Veronese is well represented by a Venus and Cupid from the gallery of Prince Leonforte—a voluptuous dame of Venice, much more modest in her heavy, rich fall of drapery than is ever the case with the *madre d'amore*.

The collection of the Prince de la Tour et Taxis gives a head, as sweetly perfect as could be, by Carlo Dolci. Titian is but indifferently sustained by the portrait of the Doge Gritti, from the Espagnac Gallery. The works of Antonello of Messina are so rare that the Louvre gave four thousand pounds for the head of a Condottiero by him, in the Pourtales Gallery. Here we find a head from the same hand, very similar in treatment to that of the Condottiero. It is of a young man, exquisitely finished, even *ad unguem*, with a massive pile of hair falling evenly down, each particular lock in the most faultless order, as if it had but just come from the hand of a Figaro perfect in the art—

"Di far la barba e petinar."

Count Duchétel is owner of this gem. Some choice curiosities of Art from the hands of Fra Bartolommeo, Fra Angelico, and Botticelli, are here from the collections of the Baroness N. Rothschild and M. Emile Percire.

The Spanish school is represented by four Murillos and three works of Velasquez. Of the former, a head, austere in expression and deeply rich in tone, is alone in the great Spaniard's better vein. One of its companions—an Assumption—shows how infelicitously he could treat, under some untoward influence, even his favourite subject. Were a line drawn transversely across the middle of this picture, the upper segment would be found warm in a glow intended to be golden, but dull in tint, the lower abruptly cold and heavily blue. The angels above and those below the ascending figure of the Virgin are painfully inharmonious.

Velasquez is much better sustained in his portrait, from the Percire collection, of the Infanta, daughter of Philip IV. of Spain, a child in all the piquant monstrosity of a crinoline; also in the strange portrait of Philip IV.'s Fool. In general, these anomalous ministrants to the completion of Court display, were of the dwarf tribe; this being was, on the contrary, tall and attenuated, his limbs, below, angularly contorted. He attitudinises fantastically in holding out a miniature for admiration, and an imbecile shrewdness of mirth (if we may use the expression) lights up his morbid physiognomy. The quiet power of Velasquez's pencil gives life to this repulsive subject,—a melancholy addition to any collection.

Greuze, as has been noted, is here plenteously exemplified, in seventeen canvases, for the most part cabinet, various in subject and various in merit, some of exquisite beauty, as in the child's head from the Percire collection, and a winged angel, from that of the Princess Maria of Russia. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable work of this series, remarkable certainly for its rarity, is a portrait, full length, of a seated figure with this title, "*Talleyrand Jeune*." This represents a seeming young and refined man, with a style of physiognomy such as might once have been that of the Prince of Benevento and *quondam* Bishop of Autun. The pose resembles that of a well-known portrait of Napoleon's Foreign Minister. But the dress is not that of a clerical student. The treatment of this portrait by Greuze is so refined and vigorous, that it makes one regret he did not give himself more to that branch of Art. A portrait here of Levasseur, the engraver, increases that regret. The style of both is thoroughly sterling, and offers a strong contrast to the general fantastic presentment of French portraiture.

The Dutch and Flemish masterpieces in this exhibition are numerous. Three first-class Hobbemas from the galleries of De Morny and Percire, lead on the rest. Two of these are mills—marvellous for transparent reflection. The third is finer, in picturesque subject: in front a noble oak, to the right of which stands an old farmhouse—a road winds round both, and is lost in woodland background. Nothing can be more masterly than the pencilling of this picture. It is sustained by two of Ruysdael's best works, more especially the mountain

scene with a torrent, which, in the foreground, seems

"To howl and hiss  
And boil in endless agony."

From the pencil of Rembrandt, we have one of his finest portraits, that of *Justus Lipsius*, of unequivocal authenticity and in perfect condition. Contrasted with its darkest depths of effect, is a charming portrait of a lady, by Van Cuelen, all delicacy and sweetness. Holbein's portrait of Carondelet, painted in his best style, where vigour and mellowness are united, groups well in the same quarter. Vandyck's St. Rosalie from the Persigny collection is a work of much grace and expression in his best Rubens style.

Six Terburgs form a galaxy of brilliant masterpieces. Among them the most attractive is the episode to the Münster Congress, so renowned for its wondrously true and characteristic portraits of the statesmen and soldiers who attended that signal diplomatic gathering. This comes from the De Morny collection. A single figure of a gentleman, whose dark habiliments, with also a dark background, render his visage the more effectively bright, might be taken as a *chef d'œuvre* of miniature in oils. This gem comes from the cabinet of M. Isaac Pereire. To him also the collection is indebted for an Apollo and Midas by Rubens, a finely preserved *noirceau* of the great master's most luxuriant richness of design and treatment. The name of Vanderveelde is sustained by two small marine subjects—ships and calm sea. This surely is not as

"A painted ship upon a painted ocean."

but the veritable reality—true bark and true brine.

Two fine Wouvermans, 'The Spy' and 'Return from the Chase,' give further evidence of the rich collections of Baron Nathaniel Rothschild and M. Isaac Pereire.

Jan Vander Meer is here represented by no less than seven masterly canvases; and the names of Cuyp, Both, Memling, Van Eyck, Hals, and several others of the great Low Country men are ranged around in most potent array. We shall add that Count Persigny sends to the collection a capital head of a lady, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which holds its ground well amid such rivalry.

The names of Delacroix, Delaroche, Gericault, Scheffer, and Prud'hon chiefly sustain the credit of the modern French school on this occasion.

Upon the whole, it must be admitted that we have here a very commendable opening effort to compete honourably with the doings of the British Institution.

## THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

### THE OLD MASTERS.

THE supplementary title of this notice is less applicable to the present exhibition than to all that have, certainly for the last twenty years, preceded it, as the contributions of recent and *quasi*-modern works are unusually numerous; nevertheless, as a whole, the exhibition is the most interesting that has lately appeared in these rooms. The North Room contains some superb old pictures: many of the landscapes are of extraordinary beauty, but, as usual, are some very oddly attributed. The selection from our own school is singularly brilliant, and many of the works are rich in association. On entering the gallery the eye rests always on the large picture at the end of the North Room. Of this *pièce de résistance* we seldom have anything to say, and should not now advert to it were it not a St. Cecilia by Reynolds, which seems, by cleaning, to have been stripped of its finishing glazings. Conspicuous on the left is a 'Portrait of one of the Aldobrandini Family' (66), attributed to Masaccio. The

face looks as if it were painted in *tempera*, and the complexion is like that of the head in the National Gallery; but the dark dress has been worked over in oil. 'A Merchant' (73), by Mabuse, is unquestionably a very carefully drawn portrait of a most uninviting subject; bright, hard, and, as to air and incidents, suggestive of the painter's having ever present in memory 'The Misers' of Quentin Matsys. 'The Nursing of Jupiter' (27) is attributed to Salvator Rosa, but we can discover in it no trace of that painter's manner. The figures are graceful, academic, and glow with the warm colouring of Nicolas Poussin, of whom a 'Holy Family with Angels' (29) is one of the most perfect examples we have ever seen. Reference may here be made to the carelessness with which picture frames are sometimes inscribed, as on that of a 'Landscape with Orpheus and Eurydice' appears the name of Nicolas Poussin, without a single feature in the work to support the attribution. The picture might be brought home to Gaspard, but not to Nicolas. 'A Knight and Attendant' (32), Paris Bordone, 'St. John Baptising the Saviour' (54), Paul Veronese, a 'Madonna' (74), Guido, are more interesting to the student than the so-called lover of Art, who turns from these to the exemplary industry instanced in some of the productions of the Low Country schools, as in 'The Oysters' (7), F. Mieris, 'Girl at a Window' (11), G. Douw, and another by Mieris; admirable also are 'A Breeze' (12), Vandervelde, 'A Rocky Landscape, with Figures' (6), Berghem, and others by the last-named master; several grand works by Ruysdael, as a 'Rocky Landscape, with Waterfall' (59), 'Landscape, with a Mill' (47), &c. By Cuyp there are some important and well-known pictures, and of Both one of much sweetness. Other names that are worthily supported are Teniers, Ostade, Breughel, Netscher, Vander Neer, Claude, Du Heem, Jan Steen, &c.

The English contributions show a greater degree of power and beauty than has been seen here for many seasons. There are several famous portraits by Reynolds, one of which, although small and never to be outdone in simplicity, is 'The Duchess of Beaufort when a Child' (162). It has perhaps been sent in with this title, but it is a misnomer; it should be the Duchess of Rutland—precious as a picture, and more innocent than the boasted 'Innocence' of the National Collection. 'Lady Crewe and Lady Robert Spencer' (126), 'Kitty Fisher' (107), 'Lady Williams Wynn and her Children' (178), 'Lady Crewe as a Shepherdess' (179), and others, are portraits of ladies as Reynolds alone knew how to paint them; his crowning virtues being a genuine reverence for beauty, and a command of a calm and somewhat melancholy self-possession more impressive than the too ready address which Lawrence gave to his portraits of women. On the right of the middle room on entering, the line presents a magnificent array of works which we should be glad to see once in five years, but their reappearance is less calculable than that of even the most eccentric heavenly bodies; there is Stewart Newton's 'Scene from the Beggar's Opera' (123), and 'Scene from the Vicar of Wakefield' (117), Sir C. L. Eastlake's 'Byron's Dream,' with figures by Reynolds, already noticed; 'Portrait of Mrs. Carr,' Vandyke, &c. Newton's Captain Macheath and inexorable Mrs. Primrose are so well known as to require no description. The drawing of these figures is everywhere

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#### BIRMINGHAM ARTS AND MANUFACTURES, AND THEIR PROGRESS.

TWENTY years (the fifth part of a century) have rolled their course since we first visited Birmingham, impressed with the conviction founded on experience, that the Arts and Manufactures practised in that busy town could be benefited by our exertions, and elevated and improved by our efforts. We were then met by indifference, doubt, and active opposition by some manufacturers; others, wiser, accepted our aid, and were benefited thereby; but ours has been no invidious course, and without distinction of friend or foe, we have not failed, wherever we saw merit and the desire to improve, to place before our readers these evidences of improved taste, as regards design and skilful painstaking execution. In 1846 we visited the manufactories of the town, and illustrated the works produced by leading manufacturers. In 1849 we illustrated the contents of the Exhibition held in Bingley Hall, on the occasion of the visit of the British Association to Birmingham. In 1851 we introduced numerous illustrations of examples of the manufactures of the town shown in the great Industrial Exhibition of that year. Again, in 1855, we introduced engravings of works contributed to the International Exhibition at Paris; in 1862 we followed a similar course, and it is our intention to still further illustrate the productions of Birmingham, by engraving some of the examples to be forwarded by its manufacturers to the display of the industries of all nations in Paris in 1867. In pursuance of our intention we have recently visited Birmingham, in order to prepare ourselves for the work; need we say that we found on every hand, with one or two exceptions, evidence of what it has been our desire to aid, viz., improvement alike in design and execution? In the former there is a marked change for the better, alike in unity, simplicity, and applicability to the purpose intended, and to which the ornamentation is applied. The decorative processes of enamelling, *repoussé*, and perforating is used to a very much greater extent. Bronzing has been more largely applied, the colours more varied, and the modelling for the work is more skilfully and artistically done; while in chasing, we find convincing proof that there is at last an "idea" as to the applica-

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Within the period we have named, an important art has been introduced by the Messrs. Elkington, viz., that of Fine Art bronze casting for large examples of statuary, applied to commemorative and monumental purposes. As illustrations of the magnitude of their works, we may name two reproductions of Foley's noble equestrian statue of Lord Hardinge, upwards of thirteen feet in height, and each weighing not less than thirteen tons; of three equestrian memorial statues of the Prince Consort, from models by Thornycroft; of the memorial to the Guards who perished in the Crimea, which stands in Pall Mall; of the poet Moore; of Sir Robert Peel, the great and good statesman. These evidence that the art once practised only in London has now become identified with a town designated by Burke as the "toy-shop of England;" while bronze casting has been introduced by the house named, and electro-metallurgy owes its existence to their energy, intelligence, and perseverance; the extraordinary development in the production of large works in deposited copper is also due to them. The idea of producing by battery, trough, and solution, and building up, grain by grain, such statues as adorn the memorial of the Exhibition of 1851, now standing in Hyde Park, appears but little short of fabulous. When Jacobi spoke of gilding the dome of the Kremlin by electro-deposition, and an English philosopher indicated the possibility of coppering the dome of St. Paul's, they were deemed visionaries. Messrs. Elkington have, however, accomplished a far more extraordinary feat, viz., the realisation of the conception of the artist-sculptor, reproduced in copper by means of the instrument once only used by the philosopher in his laboratory. Those accustomed to identify the results of electro-deposition as confined to the gilding of a coin, the silvering of salvers, forks, or spoons, or to copies in copper deposit, gossamer-like in thickness, of *basso-relievi*, will, no doubt, be startled to learn that no fewer than twenty-one figures, several of them colossal, and not one of them under 6 feet 6 inches in height, have been produced at the New Hall Street works, Birmingham, within the last eight years; not any portion of these were under three-eighths of an inch in thickness in substance. As chemical experiment has shown that pure metal is best calculated to resist atmospheric action, we have reason to anticipate a great future for large-sized Art-works produced through the agency of electro-metallurgy; the cost, we believe, is under that of bronze, and the certainty of the process surpasses that of the mould and molten metal. Ghiberti would not have had occasion to lament, as he did, the failure of his mould and the loss of his model of the first panel for his Baptistry Gates; nor Cellini the congelation of his metal, and the sacrifice of his pewter dinner plates, as he did, on the occasion of the casting of his celebrated statue or group of Perseus and Andromeda, had the production of metallic statuary by the deposition process been invented, understood, and practised, as it has been, and now is, by the Messrs. Elkington. As results of this method of

production may be named a statue of Lord Eglinton, erected in Dublin, modelled by McDowell, 13 feet 6 inches in height; those of Lords Hill, Home, Hopetoun, and Combermere, of General Murray, and Malcolm Canmore, all modelled by Theed; of Crompton, the persecuted inventor of the spinning-jenny, by W. C. Marshall; and Oliver Goldsmith, by Foley. These, with the statues adorning Durham's Exhibition Memorial of 1851, amounting in all to twenty-nine, viz., eight in cast bronze, and twenty-one in deposited copper, mark the energy of a firm whose fame is now wide as the world; it may be questioned whether, within the same period of time not exceeding twelve years, the same number of statues have been produced in any country.

If so much has been done in Fine Art, an equal advance is apparent in the various specialities in the electro-plate trade; the puerilities of rustic and other figures forming parts of subjects for epergnes, centre-pieces, &c., have been abandoned for designs of a purely ornamental character, and, as a consequence, great success has followed. The production of works in silver of a true artistic character, in which all the enrichments used by the celebrated gold and silver workers of antiquity are introduced, marks the progress made. Even iron has been subjected to artistic treatment, and the celebrated Elcho rifle Challenge-Shield, worked in iron, and by the *repoussé* process, and enriched with silver plaques, also "repoussed," and damascened, when finished, will show the mastery of the Messrs. Elkington over all metals.

In jewellery, the type so prevalent and identified as that of "Brummagem" has been entirely changed by the efforts of one of the leading houses in the trade, that of Messrs. T. and I. Bragg, who have abandoned the meaningless style of decoration, the stampings, choppings, and imperfect engraving, for a style, quiet, ornate, and well calculated to give value to and to enhance the artistically-cut cameos, and the rich hues of the gems and stones, set in their carefully worked "dead gold." Enamelling, associated with filagree, skilfully produced, indicates attention to the old methods adopted for the enrichment of articles produced in precious metals for personal decoration. In this department of trade we have recently directed attention to the efforts made by Messrs. Randall, which, if persisted in, will doubtless result in great success and an elevation of the character of the objects of taste of bijouterie and virtu produced.

Great advances have been made in the departments of Ecclesiastical, Civil, and Mediæval metal-working, in accordance with old and revived methods, and we rejoice to observe that with the largely increased demand, the same care is still manifested in manipulation as has ever been displayed by the Messrs. Hardmans in the production of works confided to them for execution. As the introducers of the "revived methods" of working metals they took a position which they maintain worthily; to them is due the introduction of a speciality which has now risen to the dignity of a manufacture, and has been the means of educating and training up a superior class of Art-workmen, and thereby elevating the art of metal-working generally. The same eminent firm continues to produce Stained Glass in the style of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries with increasing success.

In ornamental brass-founding there is a change for the better, in all ramifications, and advance is very apparent. Old firms

scene with a torrent, which, in the foreground, seems

"To howl and hiss  
And boil in endless agony."

From the pencil of Rembrandt, we have one of his finest portraits, that of *Justus Lipsius*, of unequivocal authenticity and in perfect condition. Contrasted with its darkest depths of effect, is a charming portrait of a lady, by Van Cuelen, all delicacy and sweetness. Holbein's portrait of Carondelet, painted in his best style, where vigour and mellowness are united, groups well in the same quarter. Vandyck's St. Rosalie from the Persigny collection is a work of much grace and expression in his best Rubens style.

Six Terburgs form a galaxy of brilliant masterpieces. Among them the most attractive is the episode to the Münster Congress, so renowned for its wondrously true and characteristic portraits of the statesmen and soldiers who attended that signal diplomatic gathering. This comes from the De Morny collection. A single figure of a gentleman, whose dark habiliments, with also a dark background, render his visage the more effectively bright, might be taken as a *chef d'œuvre* of miniature in oils. This gem comes from the cabinet of M. Isaac Pereire. To him also the collection is indebted for an Apollo and Midas by Rubens, a finely preserved *monocou* of the great master's most luxuriant richness of design and treatment. The name of Vandevelde is sustained by two small marine subjects—ships and calm sea. This surely is not as

"A painted ship upon a painted ocean."

but the veritable reality—true bark and true brine.

Two fine Wouvermans, 'The Spy' and 'Return from the Chase,' give further evidence of the rich collections of Baron Nathaniel Rothschild and M. Isaac Pereire.

Jan Vander Meer is here represented by no less than seven masterly canvases; and the names of Cuyp, Both, Memling, Van Eyck, Hals, and several others of the great Low Country men are ranged around in most potent array. We shall add that Count Persigny sends to the collection a capital head of a lady, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which holds its ground well amid such rivalry.

The names of Delacroix, Delaroche, Gericault, Scheffer, and Prudhon chiefly sustain the credit of the modern French school on this occasion.

Upon the whole, it must be admitted that we have here a very commendable opening effort to compete honourably with the doings of the British Institution.

## THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

### THE OLD MASTERS.

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bility of certain varieties of "mats," or chasing tools, to express particular textures or substances. Good casting is also more general than formerly, and it is satisfactory to record that it is now more generally adopted where stamped work was formerly introduced. Light cast work has taken the place of stampings with manifest advantage to the superiority and substantiality of the work produced.

Within the period we have named, an important art has been introduced by the Messrs. Elkington, viz., that of Fine Art bronze casting for large examples of statuary, applied to commemorative and monumental purposes. As illustrations of the magnitude of their works, we may name two reproductions of Foley's noble equestrian statue of Lord Hardinge, upwards of thirteen feet in height, and each weighing not less than thirteen tons; of three equestrian memorial statues of the Prince Consort, from models by Thornycroft; of the memorial to the Guards who perished in the Crimea, which stands in Pall Mall; of the poet Moore; of Sir Robert Peel, the great and good statesman. These evidence that the art once practised only in London has now become identified with a town designated by Burke as the "toy-shop of England;" while bronze casting has been introduced by the house named, and electro-metallurgy owes its existence to their energy, intelligence, and perseverance; the extraordinary development in the production of large works in deposited copper is also due to them. The idea of producing by battery, trough, and solution, and building up, grain by grain, such statues as adorn the memorial of the Exhibition of 1851, now standing in Hyde Park, appears but little short of fabulous. When Jacobi spoke of gilding the dome of the Kremlin by electro-deposition, and an English philosopher indicated the possibility of coppering the dome of St. Paul's, they were deemed visionaries. Messrs. Elkington have, however, accomplished a far more extraordinary feat, viz., the realisation of the conception of the artist-sculptor, reproduced in copper by means of the instrument once only used by the philosopher in his laboratory. Those accustomed to identify the results of electro-deposition as confined to the gilding of a coin, the silvering of salvers, forks, or spoons, or to copies in copper deposit, gossamer-like in thickness, of *basso-relievi*, will, no doubt, be startled to learn that no fewer than twenty-one figures, several of them colossal, and not one of them under 6 feet 6 inches in height, have been produced at the New Hall Street works, Birmingham, within the last eight years; not any portion of these were under three-eighths of an inch in thickness in substance. As chemical experiment has shown that pure metal is best calculated to resist atmospheric action, we have reason to anticipate a great future for large-sized Art-works produced through the agency of electro-metallurgy; the cost, we believe, is under that of bronze, and the certainty of the process surpasses that of the mould and molten metal. Ghiberti would not have had occasion to lament, as he did, the failure of his mould and the loss of his model of the first panel for his Baptistery Gates; nor Cellini the congelation of his metal, and the sacrifice of his pewter dinner plates, as he did, on the occasion of the casting of his celebrated statue or group of Perseus and Andromeda, had the production of metallic statuary by the deposition process been invented, understood, and practised, as it has been, and now is, by the Messrs. Elkington. As results of this method of

production may be named a statue of Lord Eglinton, erected in Dublin, modelled by McDowell, 13 feet 6 inches in height; those of Lords Hill, Home, Hopetoun, and Combermere, of General Murray, and Malcolm Canmore, all modelled by Theed; of Crompton, the persecuted inventor of the spinning-jenny, by W. C. Marshall; and Oliver Goldsmith, by Foley. These, with the statues adorning Durham's Exhibition Memorial of 1851, amounting in all to twenty-nine, viz., eight in cast bronze, and twenty-one in deposited copper, mark the energy of a firm whose fame is now wide as the world; it may be questioned whether, within the same period of time not exceeding twelve years, the same number of statues have been produced in any country.

If so much has been done in Fine Art, an equal advance is apparent in the various specialities in the electro-plate trade; the puerilities of rustic and other figures forming parts of subjects for epergnes, centre-pieces, &c., have been abandoned for designs of a purely ornamental character, and, as a consequence, great success has followed. The production of works in silver of a true artistic character, in which all the enrichments used by the celebrated gold and silver workers of antiquity are introduced, marks the progress made. Even iron has been subjected to artistic treatment, and the celebrated Elcho rifle Challenge-Shield, worked in iron, and by the *repoussé* process, and enriched with silver plaques, also "repoussed," and damascened, when finished, will show the mastery of the Messrs. Elkington over all metals.

In jewellery, the type so prevalent and identified as that of "Brummagem" has been entirely changed by the efforts of one of the leading houses in the trade, that of Messrs. T. and J. Bragg, who have abandoned the meaningless style of decoration, the stampings, choppings, and imperfect engraving, for a style, quiet, ornate, and well calculated to give value to and to enhance the artistically-cut cameos, and the rich hues of the gems and stones, set in their carefully worked "dead gold." Enamelling, associated with filagree, skilfully produced, indicates attention to the old methods adopted for the enrichment of articles produced in precious metals for personal decoration. In this department of trade we have recently directed attention to the efforts made by Messrs. Randall, which, if persisted in, will doubtless result in great success and an elevation of the character of the objects of taste of bijouterie and vertu produced.

Great advances have been made in the departments of Ecclesiastical, Civil, and Mediaeval metal-working, in accordance with old and revived methods, and we rejoice to observe that with the largely increased demand, the same care is still manifested in manipulation as has ever been displayed by the Messrs. Hardmans in the production of works confided to them for execution. As the introducers of the "revived methods" of working metals they took a position which they maintain worthily; to them is due the introduction of a speciality which has now risen to the dignity of a manufacture, and has been the means of educating and training up a superior class of Art-workmen, and thereby elevating the art of metal-working generally. The same eminent firm continues to produce Stained Glass in the style of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries with increasing success.

In ornamental brass-founding there is a change for the better, in all ramifications, and advance is very apparent. Old firms

have improved in their style of work, and new men have entered the field. In cabinet brass-founding there is a manifest advance as regards external form. In gas-fittings the progress is more apparent, alike in design, construction, and finish. This we hope to render more apparent by illustration. The production of certain parts of ordinary gas-fittings by machinery has revolutionised the trade, and thrown the more intelligent workmen into the higher branches of the manufacture, with manifest advantage to the style and character of the articles produced; the demand has increased, by the exportation of great quantities of fittings for the lighting of cities and towns, in all quarters of the globe where gas has been introduced.

A valuable gift from Science to Manufactures we have now to record, in the practical application of a new material, "Parksine," which can be extensively used in Fine Art, and in the production of articles for useful purposes. The efforts of Talbot, Daguerre, Niepce, &c., in the daguerrotype, resulted in the popular colloid process of photography. A philosophical and practical mind observed that the solid residue left on the paper after the evaporation of the colloid, produced a hard, elastic, and waterproof substance; but the high cost of pyroxyline precluded, at the period of the early discovery of parksine, its production for manufacturing purposes, as its price then reached 130s. per pound; but the inventor of parksine, after years of experimentalisation, has succeeded in reducing its cost to that of less than 1s. per pound. Parksine is composed of pyroxyline and oil; one means of the reduction in price arose from the utilisation of cotton waste, rags, &c., and the admixture for large works of sawings of wood, cork, &c.

The inventor was the first who demonstrated the practicability of uniting colour with pyroxyline, and of producing thereby the most successful imitations of ivory, amber, tortoiseshell, malachite, and many other natural substances. The properties of parksine are, hardness, it is also tough, and elastic—it can be moulded, and shaped, by pressure in dies—turned in a lathe, cut with a saw, or chisel, planed, carved, or engraved, rolled into sheets, inlaid in metal, or converted into a varnish.

The purposes to which it can be applied are infinite; by it can be, and are, produced imitations of the most exquisite gems of antiquity, of priceless cameos in all their minuteness and beauty; ivory carvings from the hand of Flamingo can be imitated with all the fidelity which characterises the originals, at a minimum of cost; for useful and ornamental purposes there are imitation ivory umbrella and parasol handles, walking sticks, buttons, brooches, buckles, inlaid work, bookbindings, knife handles, combs, &c. In addition to a thousand other objects, it contributes to the science from which it sprung and in which it had its origin, photographic baths, battery cells, and philosophical instruments, incapable of fracture, unacted upon by acids, impervious to water; it realises the flexible glass of the Roman glass-maker, who, throwing his vase of that material before his emperor to show its indestructibility, and picking it up uninjured, was rewarded for his ingenuity by the loss of his head; ordinary vessels now produced in earthenware, or other materials, in use in public and private establishments, will be saved from breakage by being made of the new material, parksine.

As an insulator of wire for telegraphic

purposes experiment has proved parksine has no equal: it has been boiled in water, exposed for years to the action of summer's heat and winter's frost and thaw; it has been tested in conditions to which it never can be exposed when used for electrical purposes, and it has not changed. Its tensile strength is above that of gutta-percha or india-rubber, and junctions can be effected by means of its solvent with the utmost facility. To its perfection as an insulator Mr. Owen Rowland, electrician to the Board of Trade and the Atlantic Telegraphic Company, bears evidence; he has demonstrated it to be superior to that of any known material.

Parksine, the last gift of Minerva to man, is the invention of Mr. Alexander Parkes, of Birmingham, who through twelve long years has laboured to perfect his invention; its stages of progress towards perfection are marked by no fewer than eight patents; to his eminently practical scientific mind the Art of electro-metallurgy owes much of its present success, by the introduction and perfecting of the material of which elastic moulds are made, whereby "under-cutting" effect is produced in examples of electro-deposition, of figures in *alto* and *bass-relievo*. On the metal trade of Birmingham no inventor has operated more potently for good than the introducer of parksine. Not the least feature connected with his last invention is that of pyroxyline. The principal element of parksine is nearly allied to gun-cotton, twin brother to gun-powder, and like this, it will rend the hardest rock and propel life-destroying missiles; but by the skill of the inventor it has been deprived of its inflammable and explosive powers, and has become obedient, quiet, and plastic in the hands of its manipulators.

Pyroxyline as a solvent is omnipotent to dissolve all manner of vegetable products, and in this respect it rivals the fabled elixir of the alchemist of the Middle Ages, which was stated to cure all manner of diseases to which humanity was subject. Parksine has no waste, every scrap can be reconverted like metal, reworked and united together; the various coloured fragments are capable of producing combinations of colour very beautiful. We therefore accept Parksine as a valuable contribution to Art and industry, the operations of which will give them new forms and reproduce old, will serve to economise old known and valuable materials which it is so well fitted to imitate, and prove a substitute more efficient for purposes to which its application is at present undreamt of.

We have also to record the introduction of a new and more expeditious method of stamping, as a means of producing parts of large objects of a cylindrical or globular form, which, until now, has only been effected by repeated blows, after numerous annealings and the expenditure of much time and labour. By the new process the same result is produced by one operation, from a flat disc of metal, in the briefest possible space of time. Close upon the above process has followed another, by which silver or German silver can be converted into a spoon, or fork, with all its bevels impressed, arisins removed, bowl formed, and ornamentation complete in every particular by a simple and speedy operation, in a brief space of time, and at the lowest cost. Trimming up is avoided, and all that is left is to polish the spoon, or fork, if silver, and thereafter to burnish it. If German silver, the electroplater, in addition, completes the fork or spoon.

The inventor of both the last-named im-

provements in metallurgical processes is Mr. Daniel J. Fleetwood, metal merchant.

While, however, we have to note progress as regards works in metal, we regret to record but little advance as evidenced by the *papier-mâché* trade, an old and original trade of the town; and it may be questioned whether its expansion into other channels than the legitimate one has not injured its reputation and retarded its advance. The use of the material is limited in its application, and its expansion into articles of furniture more legitimately made of wood, may not unreasonably be assigned as one of the causes of its stationary position, coupled with the absurdly exuberant and overlaid style of ornament adopted for its decoration. Its style of ornamentation is as clearly defined as its uses; and it appears singular that a material which, when of English manufacture, is admitted to be of surpassing excellence, should be alike misapplied and disfigured by a style of decoration inapplicable and unfitted for the purpose, which robs it of its character and disfigures its surface by the introduction of flowers displayed as in relief, copies of pictures, or representations of buildings, and eschews altogether the style of ornament which is alone fitted for it, viz., that designed specially for the decoration or ornamentation of flat surfaces.

In glass, on the contrary, may be recognised the evidence of an acknowledgment of the true style of working and decoration. The articles we examined depended more on the blower and engraver than the glass cutter. Etching, by no means a bad substitute where economy and taste are combined, is skilfully accomplished; and the vigour manifested in the manner with which the blown examples are produced, accompanied by elegance of form, extreme lightness, and occasionally very original and quaint additions of handle, ornament, or moulding, is demonstrative of a complete acquaintance with the art of glass-working.

In what may not inappropriately be designated the *genre* trades of the town, as buttons, dress-fastenings, and other small wares, they are now produced with far more attention to external appearance than they were formerly, and new materials have been introduced on which to operate.

The School of Art connected with the town at no period of its existence has ever been so well attended, large numbers of those who desire to be students are excluded, owing to want of accommodation. And if we require evidences of the diffusion of a knowledge of Architecture and Art-principles, we have only to refer to the various public and private buildings, recently erected, and in course of erection.

While a solitary statue of Nelson was for half a century the one public decoration of the town, this within the last fifteen years has been supplemented by that of Sir Robert Peel, by Hollins, of Joseph Sturge, and Thomas Attwood, by the late John Thomas. Three other statues approach completion, viz., that of the Prince Consort, by Foley, Sir Rowland Hill, by P. Hollins, and James Watt, by Alexander Munro. These substantial evidences of progress are significant, we hail them as such, and as indicative of yet greater progress. In a few months we hope examples of the manufactures of Birmingham will stand side by side in the Paris International Exhibition, and challenge attention with metal-work of a similar kind from all countries. What the manufacturers of the town gained in the exhibitions of 1849, '51, '55, and '62, we feel assured they will maintain.



## ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The new Museum of Science and Art in this city was opened, on the 19th of May, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, in presence of a large and enthusiastic assembly. The Museum—a portion of which only is at present finished, the remainder being left till the necessary funds are provided—is situated immediately in the rear of the University, with which it is connected by a covered archway thrown across the street separating the two buildings.—Two busts have recently been added to the small collection in the great hall of the University library; one is that of the late Professor Sir John Leslie, copied in marble by W. Brodie, R.S.A., from a life-size model in clay by the late S. Joseph; the other is a bust, by W. Theed, of the late Lord Rutherford.

BUSTOL.—The twenty-first annual exhibition of paintings, &c., held in connection with the Bristol Academy of Fine Arts was opened towards the end of May. The number of works exhibited was less than that of last year, arising chiefly from the absence of pictures lent.

LIVERPOOL.—We have on several occasions within the last two or three years referred to the want of unanimity among the artists and Art-patrons of this wealthy and important seaport. A local paper states that the Liverpool Academy of Arts has virtually ceased to exist, and that there will this year be no exhibition under its auspices.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. John T. Rawle, of the Science and Art Department, has been appointed head-master of the Nottingham School of Art. And in order that the study of Ornamental Design may receive special encouragement, a prize, called "The Mayor's Silver Medal," is in future to be awarded to the student who produces the best design for local manufactures. Two members of the Committee have also offered the sum of £10 for "Vacation Prizes," that is, for work done by students during the summer holidays. It will be distributed thus:—£5 for one or more landscape studies in oil or water colours; £3 for two or more original designs for Art-manufactures; and £2 for a set of at least ten pencil sketches, in outline, from nature, of plants either wild or cultivated. The example is worthy of being followed by other schools, if only for the purpose of keeping up the interest of pupils in their work during the long vacation at Midsummer.

SALISBURY.—This year the annual meeting of the Bath and West of England Society has been held in Salisbury. The agricultural "show" forms the principal feature of these exhibitions, but the Fine Arts come in for a share of the honours, as there is always a gallery set apart for pictures and other works of Art. The authorities of the South Kensington Museum supplied a good collection of objects illustrating decorative Art, in pottery, metals, wood, and ivory. The display of Honiton lace was most excellent, and attracted great attention for beauty and richness of design and delicacy of texture.

SOUTHAMPTON.—Shortly is to be opened a Fine Arts and Industrial Exhibition, which will do honour to the town of Southampton and the county of Hants. An influential Committee, fortified by a guarantee fund, and by alliance with the Hartley Institute and the Southampton School of Art, have been for some weeks past using their best efforts to make this exhibition a success. The Queen, as resident in the county, will, contrary to an ordinary rule, send valuable contributions. The country gentry also have promised liberal supplies of pictures, china, &c. Among works demonstrative of local talent we may mention sculptures by Mr. Lucas. Messrs. Elkington, and other of our best known Art-manufacturers, will also furnish examples of their skill. South Kensington, likewise, as fostering parent to provincial Schools of Art, has promised important loans. We can only hope that the efforts of the committee will meet with commensurate support. The exhibition can remain open but for a very limited period. The expenses incurred have necessarily been

heavy. Therefore in the interest of the Southampton School of Art, and all parties concerned, we trust that the public will not be slow to appreciate the treasures collected with so much enterprise and judgment.

WHITEHAVEN.—An Industrial Exhibition was opened in this town in the early part of June. The proceeds are to be devoted to the building fund of a working-men's room.

WISBECH.—An exhibition, Industrial and Fine Art, was opened in this town in the month of May. Judging from the contents of the "Official Catalogue" now lying on our table, it has met with active and liberal aid in its various departments from the inhabitants of all classes in the town and its vicinity. The "loan collection" has a very large number of curious, interesting, and valuable articles; while in the catalogue of pictures lent for exhibition we find the well-known names of Teniers, Van Huysum, Stanfield, Frith, Millais, Egg, Müller, Etty, Lance, F. W. Watts, Le Jeune, Pyne, Linnell, Gainsborough, &c. &c. The inaugural address was delivered by Dr. Goodwin, Dean of Ely, who took as his subject "High Art in Low Countries;" or, as it may otherwise be called, "Art, Fine and Industrial, in Belgium and Holland." The address has been published and forwarded to us; we have read it with pleasure. It contains much which could not fail to interest his hearers, and from which they might gain desirable instruction.

YORK.—The Exhibition which is to be opened by his Grace the Archbishop of York on the 24th of July, promises to be of a far more important and attractive character than was at first expected. Among the various committees of departments, there is an agency working secretly but surely towards the success of the exhibition, and the applications for space are very considerably in excess of that at the disposal of the executive. The building has been specially erected for the purpose, in the grounds of the County Asylum in York, and is both elegant in form and commodious in size. The central hall measures 200 feet in length, by 80 feet in breadth, with spacious aisles and galleries. There are two large rooms to be devoted to pictures, and two pavilions for the same purpose, also first and second class refreshment rooms connected with the main building, and an annex of large size for carriages and machinery in motion. All the windows are to be filled with stained glass, which has been contributed. Amongst the contributors to the Fine Art department, we find the names of his Grace the Archbishop of York, Lord Londesborough, Lord Feversham, Lord Wenlock, Sir George Wombwell, Bart., Sir William Worsley, Bart., the Hon. Payan Dawney, H. S. Thompson, Esq., L. Thompson, Esq., G. J. Yarbrough, Esq., Col. Akroyd, and Sir Francis Crossley, Bart., M.P., &c. &c. The paintings will include a large number of valuable works, both ancient and modern. The water-colour drawings will also form a choice collection, and a selection of works of Art from the South Kensington Museum has been promised. Several choice pieces of sculpture will adorn the exhibition, and, ranged down either side of the building, will be seen the marble busts of the twelve Cæsars, from Grimston Park, the seat of Lord Londesborough. A great variety of machines adapted to special uses, as well as engines whose object is the production of power, are offered. The Committee have arranged with Mr. Stephens, of Coventry, for the introduction and working in the exhibition of a Jaquard loom, to throw off special designs in ribbons, which will possess an interest attached to the exhibition, and will be sold on the spot to visitors. Mr. Dexter, of Nottingham, is to exhibit and work in the Exhibition one of his machines for the manufacture of lace shawls and veils, which he will also offer for sale as they are produced. Sir William Armstrong has promised specimens of his celebrated ordnance, and Messrs. Crammel and Co., armour-plate manufacturers, of Sheffield, have placed at the disposal of the executive a couple of armour plates. There are valuable contributions promised from the West Riding, illustrating the various manufactures of the locality. Altogether the exhibition promises to be one of the most varied, instructive, and attractive.

## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Mr. George Richmond and Baron Marochetti were elected Members of the Academy on the evening of the 17th of June. The votes of Associates were not taken. It is, however, understood that at all subsequent elections, either for Members or Associates, the new rule will be in operation.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1867.—There have been rumours that War will postpone the Universal Exhibition; and it is certain that, under such apprehensions, some manufacturers are suspending operations. We have authority to state that the Exhibition will not under any circumstances be put off to a more convenient season. Assuming the war, it will, in all probability, have terminated before the spring of another year, but at any rate there exist many reasons why it will be impossible for the Emperor to declare his belief in its continuance, by postponing the great gathering of the associates and promoters of peace.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The latest additions to the National Gallery are a Madonna and Infant Saviour, with a Doge of Venice in adoration, by Carpaccio, born 1450—living 1522; A Madonna, Infant Saviour, and St. Anne, by Girolamo dai Libri, born 1472, died 1555; a Madonna and Infant Saviour by Giovanni Santi, died 1494; and a long picture containing ten head and bust portraits of the Giusti Family, by Nicolo Giolfinio, 1486—1518. The first of these belonged to the Mocenigo collection, and was, we believe, one of the last works selected by the late Sir Charles Eastlake. It was purchased for £3,400. The Doge is kneeling before the Virgin, holding in his right hand the banner of St. Mark. In response to his prayer that the plague may be removed from Venice, the Infant Saviour extends two fingers—the act which usually accompanies a blessing. On the right, and behind the Doge, stands St. John the Baptist, and on the left another figure, representing St. Christopher. The figures are relieved by an open background; and here we are reminded of the extreme feebleness of the landscape painting of a period in which the figure painting is the perfection of Art. Carpaccio is but little known; he will, however, be remembered by his pictures, at Venice, of St. Ursula and her martyr companions. But the gem of these recent acquisitions is the painting by Girolamo dai Libri. It is certainly one of the most brilliant in the Gallery, and excels many of Titian's works in those qualities even in which he was most eminent. It presents a group consisting of the Virgin Mary, the Infant Christ, and St. Anne, all of which impersonations are brought forward with a force and palpability realised only by the most laborious study. The picture by Giovanni Santi (the father of Raffaele) is, as may be expected, hard, dry, and indifferent in colour, but it is, nevertheless, a valuable acquisition. Here, then, we have in close proximity an example of the manner of the "divine master's" first instructor, one of the very finest specimens of Perugino's Art, and the most charming of the small works ever painted by Raffaele himself, the "Garvagh" Madonna, which is superior in beauty of colour even to the Madonna della Seggiola. To the portraits of the Giusti family, by Giolfinio, the same degree of interest does not attach as to those above mentioned. They must, however, be placed among those instances

of portrait-painting which are very far in advance of the Art of their time. All these pictures are in excellent condition.

AN EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES by Madame Bodichon and Mrs. Leo Bridell has been opened at the German Gallery in Bond Street, consisting altogether of Algerian subjects, those of the former lady being landscape in water colour, and those of the latter figures in oil. They are limited in number, but are well calculated to hang together, as the water-colour drawings describe to us a country of which we know pictorially but little, and the figures present to us passages in the every-day life of certain of the inhabitants. The views represent some of the remarkable features of Algerian scenery, which are presented with a fidelity that renders titles unnecessary to tell us that these sites are not within the ordinary haunts of painters. Thus there are 'Teniet-el-haad—Cedar Forest,' three views; 'Near Fort Napoleon, Kabylia;' 'Twilight,' a subject consisting only of tall reeds and a crane—a charming drawing, 'Morning,' 'Roman Ruins at Tynara;' 'Fishermen at St. Eugène,' and others, all original in character and pointedly descriptive. Mrs. Leo Bridell has painted 'An Arab Woman in a Cemetery, communing with the Spirits of the Dead,' a finished picture; 'Zora, an Arab Girl,' also a finished picture; 'A Kabyle Peasant Woman carrying Water;' 'An Arab Girl at her Embroidery Frame;' 'Sidi Bel Cassim taking his Coffee,' and others, many of which would furnish excellent material for pictures. In those drawings there is more freshness than in anything that has yet come to us from Algeria.

MR. MITCHELL, Bond Street, has recently published a lithographic portrait, drawn by G. Thomas, of H.S.H. Prince Christian. The face is in profile; of the likeness we can say nothing, as we have never had the honour to see the prince; and as a work of Art the print shows nothing remarkable, except the stiff and constrained attitude of the figure.

AT MR. WERTHEIMER'S, in New Bond Street, are the ornamental portions of a table equipage, which, in artistic design and mechanical execution, was at the period of its fabric unequalled in Europe. The service was manufactured for the Emperor Francis II. of Austria, by Thomire of Paris—the most famous ornamental manufacturer of his day. The taste of the designs is that which the French have designated the style Louis Seize—that mixture of traditions from antique and mediæval Art which held its own until even the settlement of Europe in the early part of the present century. The principal piece is a *surtout de table*, a plateau twenty-five feet in length, surrounded by a border of open-work scrolls after Goutière. From the centre rises a composition of figures supporting a basket, intended to contain flowers or fruit. The figures represent Music, Painting, the Drama, and Agriculture, and there is, perhaps, no school of the time that could have presented allegorical figures, at once so faithfully modelled, and so skilfully executed in metal; they are, however, in strict accordance with the feeling of Louis David, whose school was then in the ascendant. Flanking this are a pair of tripods, also intended for fruit or flowers, and equalling the centre-piece in finish, which is really not surpassed by the chased work of jewel settings. Next in order are placed copies of the Medici vases, the figures on which are worked out with the most perfect

detail. The arabesques forming the bases of these vases are chased à la Goutière. At each end of this magnificent plateau is an Etruscan tripod, and, thus composed, the whole is flanked by two circular pieces containing groups of the Graces, either of which alone would form a grand and imposing centre-piece. Around the plateau, at regular intervals, are candelabra of the same workmanship. There is a second *surtout*, composed of crystal and bronze gilt, which derives a degree of lightness from the judicious combination of the materials and elegant cutting of the glass. It is composed of a plateau with a variety of dishes and accompaniments, also by Thomire—the figures are Bacchantes imitated from the antique. The whole is in admirable preservation, being almost as fresh as when new, and forms altogether the most sumptuous table-service of its period we have ever seen. The Corporation of the City of London requires a worthy and fitting "table equipage;" they could not choose a better than that we have described in this brief notice.

LITHO-PHOTOGRAPHY is the name given by the inventors and patentees, Messrs. Bullock, Brothers, of Leamington, to a process by which a photograph may be transferred to stone or zinc, and impressions taken from these. It is no part of our duty to describe the process; a copy of the specification of the patent now in our hands would enable us to do this; but of its results we can judge from several printed specimens which have been forwarded to us. These pictures, consisting of landscapes and of architecture, certainly do not impress us very favourably that the invention in its present state is likely to take the place of any other mode of illustrative printing; they are, especially the landscapes, comparatively weak in colour and indistinct in detail; how far these defects may be attributable to the photograph itself, we cannot say, but it is just possible they may be traced to an absence of brilliancy in the original copy of the subject. There is, however, a remedy for any such, or even other, defects, inasmuch as we are informed that the stone or zinc-plate to which the picture is transferred, may be worked upon by an artist to any extent, in the same manner as if he had to draw the entire subject upon either material. The chief, perhaps we should add the only, advantage desirable from the process, so far as we can see, is cheapness of reproduction. These litho-photographic prints, which look very like ordinary lithographs, can be produced at a far less cost than photographs, and much lower than lithographs on which the draughtsman has employed his time and talents. Probably further experiments will enable Messrs. Bullock to improve upon their invention, for we can only at present see in it the elements of lasting success.

THE PRINCE ALFRED CASKET, or, as it must now be designated, the Duke of Edinburgh Casket, manufactured by Mr. Benson, of Bond Street, which contains the roll of citizenship, and was presented to his Royal Highness on the occasion of his receiving the freedom of the City of London, is a most elegant work of Art. Originally it was intended to have the casket of gold, as was that presented to the Prince of Wales, of which an engraving appeared in the *Art-Journal*; but it was afterwards thought desirable by the civic authorities to have it made of oak, as symbolising, but in some measure only, the profession of the royal Duke. In order to identify the casket more specifically with the corporation of

London, a block was selected from a beam of the old oaken roof of the Guildhall, recently replaced by an entirely new roof, and the wood was placed in the hands of Mr. W. G. Rogers, to carry out, so far as his art was concerned, Mr. Benson's design. It is in the *cinq-ento* style, oval in shape, and about 16 inches long and 10 inches high. Minute tracery of carved work and fine gold ornaments in high relief cover all parts of the box. Gold and enamelled ornaments, forming the city arms, surmount the apex, and in the centre of the front the Prince's arms are blazoned in colours on an enamelled gold panel. Two smaller panels on either side, of dark blue, contain the Prince's monogram, with the admiralty anchor. On the back of the casket, in small raised letters of pure gold on blue enamel, is the inscription, "Phillips, Mayor. Presented by the Corporation of London, with the freedom of the City, to his Royal Highness Prince Alfred, Thursday, 7th June, 1866." On the inside of the lid is engraved the words, "This casket is carved from the oak taken from the old roof of Guildhall." Carved masques, winged sea-horses, and other appropriate ornaments, enrich the very beautiful work of manufacturing Art, both Mr. Benson and Mr. Rogers having displayed the greatest taste and skill in their respective departments of goldsmith and wood-sculptor.

LORD PALMERSTON.—It is proposed to erect by public subscription a statue of Viscount Palmerston in some conspicuous locality near the House of Commons. An influential meeting of noblemen and gentlemen, without distinction of political creed, has been held for the promotion of the object, when it was suggested that the limit of each subscription should be £5, in order to include as large a number of names in the list as might be found necessary to accomplish the work.

THE WILL OF MR. GIBSON, R.A., has been proved in London; the terms of it were stated at length in the notice of the sculptor which appeared in our number for April. The personality sworn to was under £40,000.

GARDEN ROCK-WORK.—Especially at this season, attention is directed to a means by which our gardens may yield us additional enjoyments by the aid of Art. It is only of late years that ferns have been cultivated in conservatories. They were regarded as weeds until a refined taste appreciated their grace and beauty; and now they rank foremost among the treasures we derive from nature. To arrange them skilfully, either within doors or without, is not an easy task; and our thanks are due to those who teach us how to make the most of them, and of other "borrowings" from the woods and dells that refresh the eye and gratify the mind. Our suburban homes owe much, in that way, to contributions derived from such places. We are glad to associate with our own dwellings "gems" obtained, it may be, from all beautiful Killarney, or gloomy Scottish glens, or wild dells of Wales, or the mountains and valleys of Westmoreland. Those who love such things will thank us for a word of counsel as to how they may be best cherished and most enjoyed. Mr. Pulham of Broxbourne has long made that branch of "Art" his study; his peculiar business is to make "much of little;" so to enlarge grounds as that a dozen square yards shall yield the produce of an acre; and so to construct or alter a conservatory of very small proportions as to make it appear of vast extent. We have recently seen some grounds in



Addison Road, Kensington, that illustrate this power. They cannot contain many acres, yet taste and judgment and matured skill have been so exercised as apparently to have obtained all the varieties of scenery that one might have looked for if wealth had been expended to make perfect half-a-mile of mingled wood and water with huge rocks and venerable forest trees. That is the work of Mr. Pulham; here he has had more scope than usual; generally he is limited to a few square yards of space, and it is absolutely wonderful what he can do—has often done—by representing, sometimes in natural stone, found near at hand, and sometimes by "imitation stone," caves, cascades, mimic cliffs, in a word, rock-work of all kinds, "big or little," amid which the ferns and wild flowers grow as freely as in their natural homes. When such objects are done well, they are invaluable acquisitions; when carelessly wrought, they are deformities; it is only the eye and mind of an artist on which reliance can be placed. Those who require such aids either extensively or to a very limited degree, will, we are sure, thank us for directing their attention to the "system of rock-work and ferneries," concerning which Mr. Pulham has published a prospectus.

"HELEN FAUCHT" (Mrs. Theodore Martin) appeared during the last month before a London audience in a new character, but not for a new purpose—the cause being that of charity. A brilliant concert given chiefly under the auspices, and, we believe, at the suggestion, of Mr. Benedict, brought together a brilliant gathering of "rank and fashion" to hear the music of Gounod's *Ulysses*, and to promote the interests of the Consumption Hospital at West Brompton. *Ulysses* is a heavy drama, interspersed with music, choruses chiefly; and it was absolutely necessary that the drama should be read. The task, unusual, and it may be distasteful, to her, the accomplished lady discharged; and if she did not thus add to her own fame, she undoubtedly, by an act of self-sacrifice, greatly augmented the funds of the charity; for her name was a powerful attraction, and led many to visit the St. James's Hall, who would not have been led thither by the fame of Gounod. The reading was, perhaps, as perfect an example of the "art" as was possible. The delicious voice of the lady was never heard to greater advantage, even on the stage of which she is now almost a sole "power;" it was strong or gentle—varied as the dialogue demanded; often touching and always impressive; while the charm she derives from natural grace was never more effective. She has thus largely aided one of the best charities of the metropolis.

A PICTURE, assumed to be by the late Gilbert Stuart Newton, R.A., formed one of the illustrations which accompanied a notice of the life and works of that artist published in the *Art-Journal* more than two years ago; and we have only just now had its authenticity questioned. Mr. Henry Andrews—of whom, by the way, we do not remember ever to have heard as a painter of original productions—has written to us to say the picture was "designed and painted by himself more than twenty years ago." We are not in a position to demur to the claim made by this gentleman; all we can say is, it came into our possession as a veritable "Newton," and we saw in it everything to lead us to suppose it was from his hand, though, as was stated at the time, an early and a non-exhibited work.

## REVIEWS.

A CENTURY OF PAINTERS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL; with Critical Notices of their Works, and an Account of the Progress of Art in England. By RICHARD REDGRAVE, R.A. (Surveyor of Her Majesty's Pictures, and Inspector-General for Art), and SAMUEL REDGRAVE. 2 vols. Published by SMITH, ELDER, & Co., London.

If the last quarter of a century has witnessed an enormous increase in Art-works of every kind and variety, so also has it produced a vast addition to our Art-literature; the two appear to move on at an almost equal ratio of speed, the one keeping pace with the other as much as circumstances will allow them to do, and in proportion to the demand that is made upon each. And it shows the hold Art has on the intelligence of the country, when we find books that treat of the subject multiplying to an extent which justifies the belief that there must be a very large class desirous of having their minds enlightened, as well as their eyes gratified; to know something of the men whose works—whether of painting, sculpture, or architecture—are within their examination, to study in those works the principles on which they were wrought, and to learn, so far as the writer is qualified to instruct them, how to distinguish between Art which is good, and that which is bad. And it would be well for the arts of the country, if their most liberal patrons were the men who had given to the subject the closest study, and were able to judge rightly for themselves; this would at once elevate the character of the several professions, and be the means of filling our picture-galleries and other Art-collections with works really worthy of patronage, and of rearing in our cities and towns edifices to which we might proudly point as the glory of a highly civilised people. Unhappily this is not the case; purchasers of pictures buy, as a rule, not what they know and feel to be excellent, but those productions to which the greatest names are attached; having no judgment of their own, they are attracted solely by the reputation of the artist. The late Mrs. Jameson makes, in her remarks upon the sculpture in the Crystal Palace, an observation which our own experience confirms; it is to the effect that sculptors complained to her they were often compelled to deviate from their own ideas of the beautiful by the requirements of their ignorant patrons. Architects have, perhaps, less to contend with in this respect than either the painter or the sculptor; yet it is a fair presumption that, were it not for the interference of "building committees," or of the individual for whom the edifice is to be erected, we should find architecture subjected to the laws of simple elegance and graceful proportion, and not, as now it is too commonly seen, to those of a vulgar taste, which recognises no beauty but in redundancy of meretricious ornament. When Art comes to be really understood by those in whose hands its destinies are placed, that is, by the classes who support it, a mighty change will be visible in its development. But this can only be effected by the soundest Art-literature reaching the homes of its patrons.

Of such comparatively recent date is the rise and progress of the English school of painting that the annals of a century must include, of necessity, almost every name of distinction in the art. The period goes back to within two or three years of the foundation of the Royal Academy, in 1768; the earliest members of this institution, very many of whom have long been forgotten, were almost the only men who could claim any title to the rank of artist. A few, but very few, names of an earlier date are to be found in the history of British Art, as Peter Oliver, the miniature painter, William Dobson, portrait painter, John Riley, Sir James Thornhill, Hudson, the master of Reynolds, and Hogarth, greater beyond measurement than all. But, excepting these and a few others of inferior note, England was a barren wilderness as regards the production of native talent.

So much, as we have intimated, has been written within a few years about English Art and artists, that Mr. Richard Redgrave and his

brother, the authors of these volumes, have had no very difficult task to accomplish; the materials for their work lying almost everywhere within their ready reach. They had but to collect and arrange these systematically, adding thereto what might be considered necessary in the way of critical comment on the most important pictures of the artists whose names are introduced. As a connected history of the growth and development of the art of painting in England, supplemented, so to speak, by a candid and tolerably impartial examination of the principal works that have emanated from the most eminent of its deceased professors, this record of "A Century of Painters" is a book we are glad to see undertaken, for it was required; while the manner in which it has been accomplished is, upon the whole, so satisfactory that it can scarcely fail of being widely appreciated.

We are by no means prepared to endorse all the opinions expressed by the writers of these volumes. As a member of the Royal Academy, Mr. Richard Redgrave would of course show a very strong bias in favour of that institution, and his brother would naturally enough share it with him. Hence we are not surprised to see them attempting to defend the Academy from the "unfair attacks to which it has been subjected," and deprecating any action suggested by the recent parliamentary Commission. "Of the recommendations of the Report generally," they remark, "we should say that the Commissioners have busied themselves with details not properly within the scope of their commission; that they have, in fact, turned aside from principles to pursue crude notions, having no practical basis, and have made numerous little meddling recommendations unsupported by the evidence, and on which they could hardly themselves express opinions which would have any weight; that their Report is for these reasons so unpractical that no Minister of the Crown could either advise its adoption as a whole, or eliminate any of its recommendations which might be dealt with separately; and we would point to it as an example and a warning of how non-professional men would undertake to treat professional questions." Mr. Redgrave and his fellow-labourer here seem not to know there are some subjects on which non-professionals are as capable of judging rightly as professionals, and certainly with more independence than any one who has an interest in perpetuating a real or alleged abuse. The authors of this book, in common with the majority of the Academy (who have written or spoken on its behalf, will scarcely allow that the institution has any defects, that its working has proved so effectual for good, any alteration therein would only tend to lower its dignity and imperil the Arts of the country: in short, they argue as if the public knew nothing of the whole matter, and have no business to interfere in it. Not a word, however, do we find in answer to the two simple charges generally brought against the Academy—has it done all it could, in proportion to its vast means, as the chief Art-school of England in the work of education? and have artists of talent and reputation never had any just cause of complaint on the ground of exclusion from membership, or rejection of pictures, or unfavourable "hanging?"

There is one point in reference to the conduct of the Academy that has frequently struck us when looking over the catalogues of the annual exhibition; it is trifling in itself, yet shows a spirit by no means commendable on the part of a body of men assumed to be liberal and enlightened. We allude to the omission, after the name of the artist, of the initial letters to which he may be entitled as a member of any other "Royal Academy." For example, the Royal Scottish Academy has in its ranks men not a whit inferior to those in the sister Institution in London. Mr. George Harvey, President, Mr. Noel Paton and other members, of the Scottish Academy exhibit this year in Trafalgar Square, but except in the index at the end of the catalogue, the honours conferred upon them in the north are ignored in the south. This is miserably petty as well as unjust, and yet the Academy considers itself aggrieved when taken to task, and Messrs.

Rodgrave "do not find any very cogent reasons in the arguments by which the Academy has been assailed, or in the complaints which have, in several instances, been made by its partiality and injustice." These gentlemen have, we think, gone out of their way in introducing the question of the Academy and the public into their work; it is by no means relevant to their history; but as they thought fit to do so, we have felt it our duty to say something in reply.

One or two errors, besides those the authors have detected and revised, call for correction. In the life of Sir David Wilkie, it is said (vol. ii., p. 277), "the painter learnt that his elder brother David" &c. &c.; we forget at this moment the name of the brother to whom reference is made. Again, David Cox did not reside at Kensington, but at Kennington, from which place he removed to the neighbourhood of Birmingham, his native place; not, as it is stated (vol. ii., p. 483), because he was "weary of teaching and making small drawings," for during the latter part of his residence at Kennington, he had almost entirely relinquished teaching, even pupils who went to his studio. Many of Cox's largest and finest water-colour pictures were painted here; and not a few pleasant and profitable hours did the writer of this pass in watching the progress of his marvellous pencil. Cox left the neighbourhood of London that he might devote himself to oil-painting without such interruptions as were inseparable from living in the midst of a large circle of friends and acquaintances who loved the man and admired the artist.

WASHINGTON RECEIVING A SALUTE ON THE FIELD OF TRENTON. Engraved by W. HOLL from the Picture by T. FAED, R.S.A. Published by VIRTUE AND YORSTON, New York.

This is one of the best portrait-engravings of its kind we have seen for a long time; sound and vigorous in execution, and most effective in the manner in which the subject is displayed. The general sits on his horse firmly yet easily, his head is uncovered, and he stretches out his sword to the troops—not visible in the picture—who salute him; the animal on which he is mounted is a noble white charger of graceful action. Both it and its rider are relieved against a sky of dark rolling clouds, made heavier, it would almost seem, by the smoke from the battle-field, which has not yet quite "lifted." There is, however, nothing to show what has just taken place on the field of Trenton, but the wheel of a tumbrel, or of a gun-carriage, some way off, and in the far distance lines of white tents, from which smoke is still issuing; nor is there any living object in sight but the great Washington and his steed. The work does honour to the two "Britishers" who have produced it, and cannot fail to be highly valued by the citizens of America, for whom it has been more especially executed.

ESSAYS ON ART. By FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and Cambridge.

To "review the reviewer," and on ground occupied by ourselves—assuming that Mr. Palgrave classes the *Art-Journal* with the "newspapers" to which he says the criticism of Art in England has been mainly confined—is a task to which we are disinclined. Opinions always will differ upon the merits of Art and artists; and though we may not find ours in serious collision with the author of these essays, we do not care to discuss any questions which may arise between us. The papers composing Mr. Palgrave's book have already appeared in the *Saturday Review* and elsewhere, in the form of criticisms upon the last three annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy, on the works of Mulready, Dyce, W. Hunt, Holman Hunt, Hippolyte Flandrin, and sundry other artists, and on various subjects connected with Art. There are few men, perhaps, better qualified than he to undertake the duties of an Art-critic; and as he refrains from

setting forth his opinions dogmatically, aiming rather to render what he says pleasant and instructive, while showing a large amount of genial sympathy with the artist, he has not done amiss in gathering these scattered leaves into a collected form for public use.

TWELVE MONTHS WITH FREDERICA BREMER IN SWEDEN. By MARGARET HOWITT. Published by JACKSON AND WALFORD, London.

Another of this gifted family has come before the public, to render homage to the revered friend with whom she spent nearly the last months of a very valuable life. Miss Howitt's mother, known all over the world as "Mary Howitt," has prefaced these interesting volumes. She says, "Miss Bremer's home-life appeared to her young inmate as singularly perfect, in so far that it has governed, by one prevailing sentiment, that of 'undeviating love,' every action, important or trivial; all her intercourse with others, from the crowned head to the poor orphan of the streets, was in this divine spirit." We are able to bear testimony—were testimony needed—to the truth of this, as when Frederica Bremer was last in England, she passed some time beneath our roof, making sunshine wherever she went, by the unflinching cheerfulness of her disposition, gathering the young around her, sympathising in their feelings and amusements. Ministering to the enjoyment of the old, she had the happy faculty, while maintaining her own individuality, of so mingling herself with others, that her superiority was never oppressive. She was known to the world, but was loved and honoured by her country, where her earnestness as a reformer and philanthropist were even more highly valued than her mere authorship. She was emphatically a woman for women, the helper of her own sex where they especially required help, and the women of Sweden owe her a large debt of gratitude.

One of the chief merits of these volumes is their integrity. This journal would not have been published, we are assured, during Miss Bremer's life; but now "the sacredness and solemnity of death" having separated the past from the present, the familiar and affectionate intercourse of a whole year, and the tender friendship which continued between the two to the last, has rendered it rather a duty than otherwise for her to contribute her share towards a more full biography, and to do honour to some of those admirable men and women of Sweden who have made, and are making, that northern land, both philanthropically and intellectually, great. We believe the writer of this book is the youngest of the Howitt family, and we congratulate her on having planted her first step so firmly on the literary ladder, where her honoured parents still enjoy a highest place.

MOXON'S MINIATURE POETS: a Selection from the Works of Lord Byron. Edited and prefaced by ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE. Published by Moxon & Co., London.

Messrs. Moxon never could intend to rank Byron with the "miniature" poets of England; the term evidently is meant to be applied to the size of the book, which is small, and not to the author of what it contains,—one whose name must ever be found among the most brilliant bards of our country, though he has almost been pushed from his pedestal, if forgetfulness may be so termed, by writers of more recent date. Mr. Swinburne's selection from Byron has been made with judgment and discrimination, though he acknowledges it to "bear on its face the marks of imperfection and inadequacy; for these, the very circumstances and conditions of its existence must be in some part answerable." The confession of incompleteness seems scarcely needed, simply because to cull passages from any poem of length must of necessity tend to weaken the effect of the work as a whole.

But apart from any such considerations, this book has an especial interest and value attached to it in Mr. Swinburne's preface, which is neither more nor less than a most eloquent

essay on the genius of a great dead poet, written by one of our greatest living poets; for assuredly Mr. Swinburne's "*Atalanta in Calydon*" places him on a level with the highest of those among us, even if he has not surpassed them all in originality of conception and power of diction. His essay on Byron is a magnificent piece of writing; but even more than this, as an analytical sketch of the noble poet's mind as developed in his compositions, and as a critical review of these poetical works themselves, it shows the hand of a master both of thought and language.

PRACTICAL GUIDES. By an Englishman abroad. Published by SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, London.

Since we noticed these "handy" guide-books to the Continent, some two or three years ago, the author has carefully revised them and added the latest necessary information. The series includes France, the Rhine, Switzerland, Savoy, and Italy, in one book; France, Belgium, Holland, and the Rhine, &c., in another; the Bernese Oberland in a third; and the Italian Lakes, Milan, Genoa, Nice, and Venice, in a fourth; Paris and the Rhine in a fifth. As the present month is that when tourists are, at least, thinking about arranging their foreign travels, though the present state of the Continent will certainly be a barrier to most, we commend these guides to their consideration, as containing a large amount of information in the smallest space and the fewest words; in fact, their sententious brevity reminds us strongly of Mr. Jenks's delivery of his thoughts and opinions in *Pickwick*. They certainly fulfil the object of the author, which "is to indicate all that is really essential, and exclude all that is irrelevant." The maps attached to each route are remarkably clear and intelligible.

RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. Illustrated by ROBERT T. PRITCHETT. Published by LONGMANS & Co., London.

The series of admirable papers that form the text of this book is too well known, and has had so favourable a judgment passed upon it by the reading public, that it is unnecessary for us to add a single comment of approval, though we have the heart to write many. This new edition, however, calls especially for our notice, on account of the engravings with which it is enriched. Mr. Pritchett's pencil has done good service, both in landscape and figure subjects; and if all the illustrations are not of equal merit, none are positively bad. Some, such as 'Arundel,' 'The Ferry,' 'Abbotsford,' 'Alpine Snow,' 'Egyptian Woman,' 'Baalbec,' and 'The Judge,' are of the very best kind. The binding of the volume—it is in every way well got up—is remarkable in this age of showy production for its simple elegance, both in design and colour.

CAST AWAY ON THE AUCKLAND ISLANDS. From the Private Journals of Captain Thomas Musgrave. Edited by JOHN J. SHILLING-LAW, F.R.G.S. Published by Lockwood & Co., London.

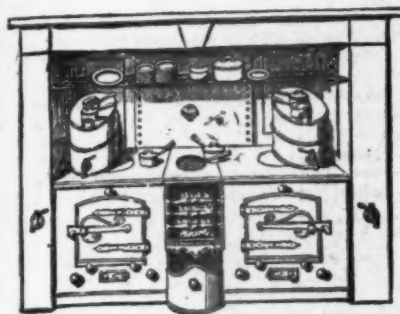
A narrative as full of adventure and interest as "*Robinson Crusoe*;" and, moreover, a record of actual truth. It describes the wreck of the *Grafton*, a merchant ship commanded by Captain Musgrave, which sailed from Sydney for the South Sea Islands in November, 1863, and was wrecked on the Auckland Isles in the month of January following. After nearly twenty months' suffering, the captain and two of the crew reached Port Adventure, Stewart's Island, a distance of two hundred and forty miles, in a small boat of their own building, "after a miserable passage," as the captain says, "of five days and nights, during the whole of which time I stood upon my feet, holding on to a rope with one hand, and pumping with the other." In the brave seaman's story, a great trial, nobly met and gallantly surmounted, is told in a manner singularly modest yet exciting.



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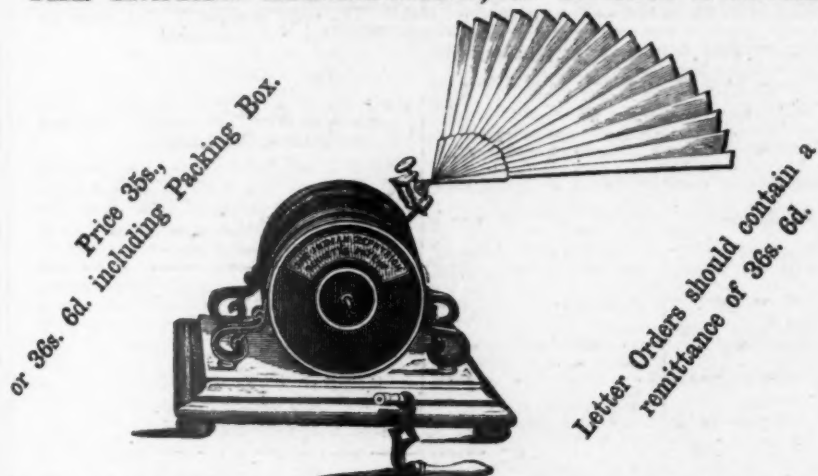
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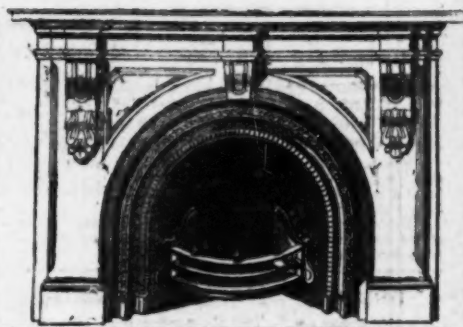
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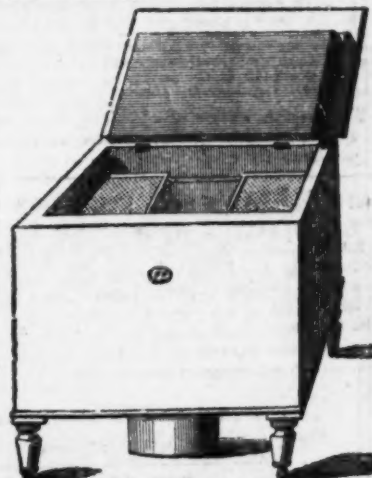


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